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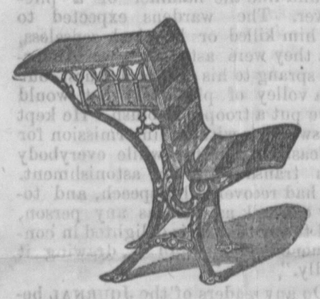
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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1880. NUMBER 51.

POETRY.

For the JOURNAL.

A Strange Half Century.

BY ANGIE FULLER.

Suggested by the remark of Laura D. Bridgman, in a letter written September 15th, 1879, while she was visiting her mother at the old homestead in Hanover, N. H.

"My birthday is the 21st of December—50 years old!"

Almost fifty years of *darkness*,
Darkness dense as ever fell
O'er the world at day's declining,
With its weird and waking spell;
Darkness so intense, no glimmer,
Were all Nature's lights combined,
With all lights of man's inventing,
E'er could reach the imprisoned mind;
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"Though so trying, it was well."

Almost fifty years of *silence*,
Silence—utter, and profound,
As if Nature had grown powerless,
To produce a single sound;
As if all the air was muffled,
Or had lost resounding force,
Lost all power to carry echoes,
Or reveal their primal source;
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"Though so lonely, it was well."

Almost fifty years unable,
Rightly to articulate
Exclamations, questions, answers,
Which would show the spirit's state;
Would reveal its joy or sorrow,
Show its course for hope or fear,
Tell why mirth gives place to sadness,
Or why falls the pearly tear;
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"Though so grievous, it was well."

Almost fifty years of toiling,
Toiling patiently to gain,
Word by word, the common knowledge,
Others rapidly attain;
Word by word, the truth that reason
Holds, and will forever hold,
Far more precious than earth's treasures
Multiplied to countless fold.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"Though so tedious, it was well."

Almost fifty years of groping,
Groping cautiously about,
Pausing oftentimes in terror,
Others still in dread or doubt;
Wondering if the sun is shining,
Or if clouds the sky obscure;
If the evening lamp is lighted,
On the food and drink are pure;
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
Though so wearying, "all was well."

Almost fifty years of striving,
To win victory from defeat,
Make a prosey fate a poem
Millions proudly shall repeat;
Make for scholars, and for skeptics,
Theories, and questions strange,
Arguments, and views perplexing,
When from God they dare to range;
Yet, she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"Though mysterious, it was well."

Almost fifty years attesting
We are not the work of chance;
But the lives of one, who ever
Bids us rise, achieve, advance,
Bids us show, by wise improval
Of our talents, small or great,
We may not one, jot, nor tittle,
Of our Maker's praise abate;
Yet, she wails no question, "Why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"Though so onerous, it was well."

Almost fifty years declaring,
Mind is mighty; and will rise,
From the wreck of sense, and venture,
Boldly after crown and prize;
Venture, strive, aspire, and struggle,
Conquer, persevere, and stand,
On the lofty heights of triumph,
Known and praised in many a land;
Yet, she wails no question, "Why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"God decreed all; it was well."

Almost fifty years of hoping,
For the morning that shall end
The protracted night of trials,
Which so closely, strangely blend;
End the slow and cautious groping,
End the isolation sore;
End the wandering, and the longing,
End them all, forevermore.
Yet, she wails no question, "Why?"
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time, with emphasis will tell,
"*All that God decrees is well.*"

SAVANNAH, ILL., Oct. 21, 1879.

STORY TELLER.

THE JUDGE'S SURPRISE.

The day was bitter cold in Virginia City, as winter days most generally are in that Alpine town, and though the sun was bright, its rays were as cheerless and chill almost as moonbeams. Wild gusts whistled through the streets, breathing icicles and frost in their furious course, driving every living thing away to seek shelter from its biting, penetrating breath. And yet not every one was housed and sheltered from the pitiless gale, for he who had work to do or business to transact, was summoned by inexorable duty to come forth to his post, or else, when the day of reckoning came, abide by the consequences; but with such exceptions the population generally sought the warm and friendly atmosphere of the drinking saloons, where, with "hot Scotch" and a glowing furnace, they managed to keep themselves from freezing. Of these luckless exceptions Abe Denning, the baker, was one. In sunshine or storm, hail, rain or snow, people must eat; eat, in fact, all the more voraciously because it does hail or snow, as if to perpetuate an unseasonable joke upon the baker, who, especially in appetizing weather must see to it that his customers' larders be properly stored with the rarest and best productions of his oven.

Even such cold weather as this did not deter Mr. Denning from attending to the wants of his customers with the assiduity and attention characteristic of his class. While disappearing into a customer's house with an armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen years of age emerged from a miner's cabin close by, and first casting wild and hurried glances around her, rushed to the baker's cart, and had just abstracted therefrom three loaves of bread, and was carrying them off, when the baker returned and caught her in the act.

Unfortunately, an officer was passing just at the time, and the baker, on the spur of the moment, and without giving the case that consideration which he otherwise might, gave her in custody on a charge theft. The girl, without any attempt at expostulation or explanation, burst into an agony of tears—a sufficient evidence, perhaps, that she was but a novice, after all, in the art of stealing.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't take me in this way. Let me wrap a shawl around my head, or the people will know me."

The officer, consenting; accompanied her into the cabin, while the baker drove away, telling the policeman he would be in court next day to prefer the charge before the police judge.

The officer, on entering, found no one in the cabin but three children—the youngest about three years old, and the eldest six. The hut was cold and cheerless; there was no fire. The two older children, alarmed at the presence of the officer, exhibited discolored eyes and face which bore evidence of suffering and recent tears; while little Willie, the youngest, was crying and inappeasable, moping aimlessly around the cabin looking into the empty closet and putting his little hands mechanically into the empty dishes on the table.

"What made you steal the bread, my girl? asked the officer. At mention of the word bread, little Willie looked tearfully and piteously in the man's face. The girl hugged the little fellow frantically in her arms, covering him with tears and kisses.

"Oh, my poor little brother!" she cried bitterly. "What will become of you now? This man is going to take your Lena away with him!"

Here the child threw his arms around her neck, as if to detain her by force; while the other two children screamed piteously.

The officer, suspecting the actual state of affairs, began to investigate.

"Is there no coal, or nothing at all to eat in the house?" said he.

"No coal, no bread, nothing to eat!" replied the girl wringing her hands; "and poor Willie and the rest of us have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

Here the officer went away, saying he would be back in a short time.

"Is the man gone for bread?" asked the oldest of the children.

"Hush, Mollie, dear!" said Lena. "I don't know what he's gone for. He's not a bad man, any how, for he hasn't arrested me, as I thought he would."

In a few minutes the officer returned with bread and groceries, not forgetting some cakes and condiments for the smallest children; while another man at his heels carried a big sack of coal on his back.

At sight of the bread the children screamed with delight, and while Lena cut up large slices of bread, and helped the children and herself, the men set to work and made a large fire in the stove, the glow of which diffused warmth and comfort through the cabin. Then they cooked the meat and made tea, and spread a steaming meal on the table for the four orphans, while they carved and attended to their wants until they were fully satisfied.

Happy, happy childhood, whose prerogatives are innocence, mirth and joy! The children after dinner didn't look like the same children at all. Their faces were bright and joyous, happy and handsome; and in a few minutes they were playing and romping and laughing, happy as if they had never felt the pangs of hunger.

"And now," said the officer, delighted at seeing the children so happy, "sit down Lena, and answer me a few questions. Have you no father or mother?"

"We have no mother," was Lena's reply. "She died about one year ago, and father went to Eureka, to work about eight months ago, and we hain't seen him ever since."

"What is your father's name?"

"Dawson—Jim Dawson."

"And he has sent you no money—nothing?"

"Nothing. Never heard of him since he went away. But when he was going he left us a bag of flour, and lots of groceries and things—as much as would last us for six months; and said he'd be sure and be back before the provisions were all out."

"And you have got no letter from him at all?"

"Not one," replied Lena with a deep sigh."

Poor Dawson had written to his children, however, but postal communication being at that time very irregular and uncertain in the Silver State, the children did not receive his letters.

"Well, I must go now," said the officer, after a pause, "but I will call for you to-morrow, and you will have to go to the police office, for I must do my duty, you know. Good-bye." And Lena Dawson was left alone with her little brother and sisters. She felt lonesome after the departure of her kind benefactor, but the buoyance of childhood soon gained the ascendancy, and before bed time the orphans were as happy as any group of little children in Virginia City.

Meantime, the reports about the stealing of bread and the destitute condition of the children got abroad. Jim Dawson, a miner himself, was known and popular among the miners, and the case created such sympathy and elecited so many reminiscences and commentaries, that quite a crowd was attracted next day to the police court. Judge Moses presided. The judge bore the name of being upright and honest, kind and benevolent, and if fault he had at all, it was thought to be a somewhat uncompromising rigor in the discharge of his official duties. After the transaction of some preliminary business, the case was called. The baker swore to the stealing of the bread, and identified the defendant as the thief. The officer testified to the famishing condition in which he found the children, but said not a syllable about what he had done to relieve them. Poor Lena stood trembling before the judge. Thereupon a miner rustled through the crowd and stood before the bench, eyeing the judge, with a deprecating look. "I declare to the Almighty, judge," said he, "I never knowed the state of Jim Dawson's children, and if I did——" he dropped a twenty into Lena's trembling hand.

"You just knowed as much about it as other, folks," exclaimed another miner, excitedly, walking up and putting another twenty into the girl's hand with an indignant air that flung back any latent suspicion that he knew anything about the children's distress any more than anybody else.

Here Long Alec, a miner—so called on account of his height and size—slid timidly and bashfully up to Lena's side. "Leeny," he said, in a half-whisper, "hold your pinafore," and he slipped two twenties into her apron, and then slid back behind the crowd, into a corner, and holding his hat to his face, glanced timidly out around, to see that he was completely out of sight.

Than came Wabbling Joe, who was far more bashful than even Long Alec, but put on a bold face, and laughed and talked loud to make believe he was not bashful at all.

"Jedge," said Wabbling Joe, laughing and nodding familiarly at the court, to disarm that functionary of possible rigor in the trial of the case in hand—"Jedge, let the girl slide. She ain't done nothing but what you or I would do if we was hungry?" And poor Lena was once more the recipient of another present.

The court held down his head and smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's defense of the accused: put then immediately recovering his gravity, said:

"Gentleman, I appreciate your liberality and generous sympathy for the young offender, and I am particularly impressed with the ingenious defence made by Wabbling Joe"—here a good natured laugh escaped the whole crowd, as if to put the judge in good humor—"but," continued his honor, "whatever might be the sympathy of the court for the sad condition of the accused, there is a public duty to be performed, and the case must therefore proceed."

"What is your name, my girl?" asked the court.

"They call me Lena Dawson, sir," was the reply.

"Call you Lena Dawson! And I suppose Lena Dawson is your name, is it not?" observed the judge.

"No, sir, it ain't" returned the girl. "My father died when I was only three years old, and mother got married to Mr. Dawson some time afterwards. My proper name is Mandeline Winters, but they call me Lena for short."

"Mandeline Winters! Where were you born? asked the judge.

"In Kansas City, sir," was the reply.

"In Kansas City!" echoed the court, in a voice of still deeper gravity than before,—

"And what was your mother's maiden name, do you know?"

"Mandeline Moses, sir," responded Lena.

"Mandeline Moses! My God!—my God! she is my sister!"

And Judge Moses, overcome with emotion bowed his head on the desk, while a torrent of tears flowed down his face.

Just as the crowd, in obedience to the dictates of delicacy, were emerging from the police court, to let uncle and niece indulge the sacred joy of mutual recognition, Jim Dawson appeared at the door, having just returned from his prospecting tour in Eureka, and, with an innate sense of propriety that did honor to his acquaintances, who were all rejoiced to see him, was quietly permitted to join his relatives inside.

Letter from Arkansas.

DEAR EDITOR:—I promised you I would write as soon as I could, and I think it is my duty to do what I promised. Beside I take pleasure in giving you some news about the Deaf-Mutes Institutes, Convention, &c. On the 27th, day of last June, I started for the North and East. I was in Jacksonville, Ill., and spent a week there. I had a pleasant time. I was very glad to see Prof. Marcus L. Brock (a teacher in the Illinois Deaf-Mute Institution) again. He was my first principal. I had not seen him for about ten years. I had a very pleasant conversation with him. He left here in the year of 1870.

Dr. Gillett kindly invited me to remain in the Deaf-Mute Institution a week. I was much pleased with my visit there. Prof. Selah Waite accompanied me to the Insane Asylum. We had a nice visit there. On Monday morning I left Jacksonville for Chicago and had a short visit in that city. I was two days only in Chicago, as I was a stranger there. I only stopped at Supension Bridge for a few hours. I was much interested at the sight of the Niagara Falls. I had a very pleasant trip from Chicago to Boston through Canada. Then I left Boston for Newburyport, Mass., in which city Prof. R. H. Atwood resides. I spent all the summer with him. He taught here from 1870 to 1875. He was my teacher five years. I had a splendid time there. He and his wife made everything very pleasant for me. We often went to Salisbury beach to see the surf, waves and tide. Mrs. M. P. Atwood and Miss Ellen Richardson went to Plymouth with me in the steamer "Stamford." We were out of sight of land a day on the ocean. We had a very delightful visit to Plymouth Rock on which the Pilgrims first landed. In August, I went on some excursions to Portsmouth, N. H., York Harbor, Maine and to the Isles of Shoals and other places. I enjoyed myself daily. On the 6th day of September Mrs. M. P. Atwood accompanied me to Boston to attend the N. E. G. A. Convention. I was there four days and had a good time. The mutes had a fine excursion to the Nantasket Beach. We all enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Atwood and myself went back to Newburyport. On the 17th day of September I left Newburyport for the south. I stopped in Boston and made a short call on Mrs. F. C. Davis, of Boston. I came down to New York in the Steamer "Old Colony," from Boston, and had a nice trip. I made a short visit at the New York Deaf-Mute Institute. I was acquainted with Prof. Currier in Newburyport, Mass. He showed me everything of interest in the Institute. I was kindly invited to dine there. I had a pleasant conversation with Mr. Hodgson (Editor of the JOURNAL) We formed a pleasant acquaintance while in the N. E. G. A. Convention. I stopped at Columbus, O., on the 20th of September, I met Prof. Atwood there. Supt. Perry kindly invited me to spend a week with him, I made a long inspection of the school. Two of the lady-teachers invited me to visit the Idiot Asylum with them. We had a nice time. On Friday, I visited the Blind and Insane Asylum. On Saturday afternoon, Messrs Atwood and Haskins, and Misses Byers, Frost, Williamson, Feasley and Mrs. Kessler and myself had a picnic in the woods. We all enjoyed ourselves very well. We returned to the institute late in the evening. On Sunday, Prof. Patterson gave a splendid lecture to the pupils in the Chapel. I had the pleasure of seeing him, and was much interested. On Monday afternoon, I left Columbus and stopped in Indianapolis. I made a short visit at the Deaf-Mute Institution and made a good inspection of the school with Mr. Vail. I missed my connection, and had to stay in St. Louis more than I intended. I met Mr. E. J. McNamara. We went to Prof. Simpson's Day School for Deaf and Dumb. I had a pleasant visit there. He has about thirty-eight pupils. I got to Little Rock safely, having had a very pleasant trip from Newburyport to the Rose City. Our school commenced the first Wednesday of last month. We have fifty-six pupils (thirty-five boys and twenty one girls) in attendance, eight new pupils and more coming. We have three new teachers, Mr. Theodore F. Moseley, Misses Carrie Standardt and Susan Harwood. Mr. Moseley, formerly a supervisor of the boys in the Deaf-Mute Institution at Jacksonville, Ill., is a fine gentleman, and is liked by the pupils. Miss Standardt taught in the Michigan Deaf-Mute Institution for several years. Now she is here teaching the Second Class. She is a charming lady. Miss Harwood was a teacher in the Virginia Deaf Mute Institution for several years before the war. She came down to live in Princeton, Ark. She is a mute. Mr. Rufus H. Lamb resigned his position as shoemaker here last summer. He lives in Calico Rock, Arkansas. He says he is going to Indian Territory to hunt with his friend before Christmas. I do not know what his business is now. Master Wm. Case (a former pupil in the Missouri Deaf-Mute Institution) is a pupil here. Master Henry Seahorn, who was former pupil here, is in the Texas Deaf-Mute Institution. The measles are prevailing here. There are more than 22 cases. I sometimes see letters from Judge De Coursey in the JOURNAL. I know him very well. He helped Mr. McKay to build a new brick shop here. He remained in Little Rock almost a year. Prof. H. C. Hammond, our Principal, went up to Newport last Tuesday. He has been absent from here nearly a week. He sometimes goes hunting with his friends from Jacksonville, Illinois.

Last Thursday was Thanksgiving Day. We had a very nice play in the evening. It snowed here two weeks ago. The depth of the snow was three or four inches, but it is gone. We have a new frame house which is used for laundry purposes. It was erected last month. A magic lantern exhibition was given to the boys by your correspondent last Saturday night. They were amused and perhaps profited. I shall write again sometimes.

Yours Respectfully,
A. M. MARTIN.

For the Deaf-Mute's Journal.

Christmas and New Year's are fast approaching. Thanksgiving has come and gone. Ours was a quiet one on account of the illness of my three dear little children.

Before their sickness, we anticipated a grand time; but God in all his wise ways, thwarted our plans, and I can only be thankful to Him for sparing my children to me, and hope they will be well enough to enjoy Christmas, which will arrive in a few days; and it seems that every one, especially the children, think Christmas the merriest of all the holidays. A merry Christmas smiles on every lip.

Dear Jesus was once a merry little Baby. We would have covered him with kisses and given Him pretty little presents, had we been at Bethlehem at the time he was born. Now He the great noble king, a loving, tender, wise, and powerful Friend, who is ever near you and who is always ready to hearken to you.

After Christmas, comes New Year's with the new missions for each of us. We do not know what our lots will be. Each day will bring us its long promised events, therefore we all must take it whether it be for good or evil. What deeds we have done and what unkind words carelessly sown the past years, cannot be called back, and it is as true as the old proverb "the mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Many, no doubt, have made enemies and harbor hard feelings towards others. It is fondly hoped that all will make up and be friends now, so we can all on New Year's day say,

"We have met in love, we will part in peace."

Then we will be forgiven, and we with the burden thrown off, will try to do better and ripen ourselves in virtue and fill each day in seeking the Heavenly prize. This is what all men are obliged to do; even those who are most enlightened and capable to lead others to God must themselves submit to be led by Him. In conclusion, I will wish every reader a Merry Christmas, and a happy New Year with a little poem.

"How fast in succession our moments have run!
How little, how little of duty is done!
How heavy the load of our sin!
With another full year, God has lengthened our days;
Let His patience excite us to join in His praise;
With increased obligations, we see the New Year;
Let gratitude move us, to serve Him with fear
And straight a new life begin.

Since the last New Year's day, many thousands have fled
To the regions of darkness, and mixed with the dead,
Though better than we who survive.
What a wonder of mercy, such rebels as we
Should still be permitted to live and to see
The grateful return of another New Year!
God's praise let each future moment declare
That wretches like us are alive.

Come, dear fellow-mutes, and all, forsake your vain ways
And begin the New Year with a song to his praise,
Who kindly continues us here
We'll join and be merry; but merry and wise,
Our vanities leave, and aspire to the skies.
Liks rational creatures our time we'll employ
In serving our Maker with virtuous joy
And so have a happy New Year.

MRS. FOLLETTE.

WOONSOCKET HILL, Dec. 2, 1880.

The Journalists.

BY ELWIN.

Oh, help me, Muse, in this, my song,
To do all justice, to do no wrong;
Let each I mention in this refrain,
In reading, gain pleasure more than pain.

Miss Angie comes before our view
With her leap year proposal new;
She wields her pen with purpose strong,
And writes, quite often, letters long.

We turn to "Mignon," fresh and gay,
Who always has enough to say;
She keeps a book of poems small,
Of which she has not *quoted* all.

"Columbus" is a steady man,
Who writes a letter as long as he can,
And when he's nothing else to write,
He pitches into Harry White.

Young Harry answers back in style,
For we all know he'll easily "rile;"
Then "Minnie Myrtle" comes around
And gives them both a lecture sound.

While "Young Descartes," with sneering tone
Doth make poor helpless "Minnie" groan;
And tells her to her very face
That in a college she needs a place.

From the far South, the wordy "Judge"
Calls our attention with a nudge.
He seems to think, as many do,
That brevity is something new.

Next on the lengthy list we find
Job Turner, tender-hearted, kind,
We read him over, then with a sigh,
We turn to meet young "Mr. Why,"

Who yields a pen with satire keen,
But knows not where to stop, I ween;
He goes too far for his success,
And very few his name do bless.

Then "Lester Montrose" comes along,
Bringing his weekly college "song."
We find his letters with news quite thick,
And feel disposed to call him a "brick."

Before we close, we do agree
That we must mention "Chivalrous C."
He talks of Congress, shows spirit and vim,
Seems to know everyone, and everyone him.

There are many and many of smaller fry
Whose letters are good, we do not deny,
But, from some cause, modesty perchance,
Their letters are fewer than those in advance.

Crystal Wedding and Personal News.

Many readers of your esteemed paper may remember seeing how a crystal wedding took place Between Mr. and Mrs. Emory Shoop in Delaware, Ohio, on Tuesday November 30th, 1880. The events was fixed up toh on or the 15th anniversary of their marriage—their crystal wedding. A good many relatives and friends of Mr. L. A. Anthoni, were invited to gather in the grand residence of his venerable parents during the evening. Among the company were three deaf-mutes, two ladies and one gentleman, and several others ragretted their inability to attend the wedding, and expressed their deep interest in its affairs. This is because the very cold weather continued for two weeks, and the roads were slippery and rough, the company brought beautiful presents, and stayed at Mr. A.'s until the appointed hour(7 o'clock) when they flocked to the handsome residence of Mr. Shoop.

Mr. L. A. Anthoni addressed the couple briefly as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Shroop: We sincerely offer you our congratulations on the 15th anniversary of your marriage—your crystal wedding—as a testimonial of our affectionate remembrance. You enjoy the heartfelt love and profound affection of a host of friends, and you are made the recipients of quite a number of handsome presents."

After the presentation of the testimonials of their affection and esteem, those present seated themselves in the room and spent some time in social converse. Mr. Shoop and his estimable wife thanked the company for their kindness and generosity.

Among the presents were a fruit dish, water pitcher, two cake dishes, two butter and cheese dishes with lids, two bouquet vases, etc. They said they did not expect to get any when their wedding day approached.

After some time, the company were invited to supper and partook of refreshments. A bounteous supply of cakes, pies, cranberry preserves, oysters (boiled and stewed) and other eatables were served. All enjoyed themselves conversing until about 12 o'clock when they went to their respective homes. It was a day long to be remembered by those who enjoyed the privilege of being present.

It will therefore be gratifying to them to be assured that happy results may follow. Among the deaf-mutes favoring the couple with a very nice time were: L. A. Anthoni, Mrs. Mary J. Anthoni, a widowed lady with her three sons, of Delaware, Miss Lizzie C. Romoser, of Prospect, Miss Lonisa Rentchler, of Waldo, and George Fancher, of Westerville.

The seven above named persons were educated in the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and graduated therefrom at different periods.

L. A. Anthoni is well known in the city of Delaware as a steady industrious man, and a deaf-mute of excellent education. He meets with splendid success in his business, and is affable and intelligent and a gentleman in every respect.

Emory Shoop, his brother-in-law, is doing a thriving business as a stone cutter, and succeeds well in getting plenty of jobs in the city. He is a deaf-mute of ingenious and studious habits.

Miss Louisa Rentchler, of Waldo, O., is skillful in the business of making a great variety of shams, tidies, quilts, mats and fancy work.

DELAWARE,
12-9-1880.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

At the National Convention, the subject of a College for deaf-mute girls was brought up by Mr. Carraway, of Mississippi, but, on account of the limited time at the disposal of that assembly it was not discussed. Miss Angie Fuller afterwards started the question by a well-written article published in the JOURNAL, which she has followed up by others equally to the point. Miss Fuller advocated the establishment of a College for higher education.

Miss Lizzie McComb differed from Miss Fuller and suggested the establishment of an institution that would enable the deaf-mute girls, to become capable of doing their duty in the sphere for which women are best fitted, the domestic art.

Both of these, by themselves, had something of incompleteness about them; but our deaf-mute friends in Chicago have put the two into one—combined them, as it were—and now present a plan which can and must succeed if there is any effort made in the matter. Our Chicago letter will explain itself, so we will not attempt to go over what has already been well said.

But another gentleman comes into the discussion, Mr. Tillinghast, of Massachusetts, and indorses in the same number what has been written by our Chicago correspondent.

As Miss Jenning's has said in her letter published in the last number of the JOURNAL, we should not look to the deaf-mutes themselves to pay for such an establishment, but rather petition Congress to do its duty to our silent sisters, and make an appropriation that will enable us carry out some plan, whereby will be afforded, to those of our silent sisters who may so desire, an opportunity to acquire the accomplishments which make true and noble women.

Our readers will find in this number a detailed account of the exercises at the Ohio Institution, on the anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the pioneer of deaf-mute instruction on this continent.

Our Columbus correspondent has promised to give us part of the interesting address delivered by Prof. Patterson, in his next letter, so our readers may anticipate some useful information concerning the man to whom they all owe a debt of gratitude which it is impossible to cancel.

Miss Angie Fuller's poem, written for the occasion, is a remarkably fine one, and abounds in depth of thought presented in wonderfully expressive language, which will add to the laurels she has already won with her prolific pen.

Just as we were going to press with our last issue, the *Hawkeye*, hailing from the Institution at Council Bluffs, Iowa, entered our sanctum. F. C. Booth, one of the teachers, is editor. The initial number is a very interesting one, and if it is a sample of the issues to come, we predict for it plenty of patronage from the deaf-mutes themselves and those who have the welfare of deaf-mutes at heart. The printing and general make-up, which has all been done by the editor, is excellent. It will be published monthly during the school year. Subscription price, 50 cents.

Tickets for the Gallandet Banquet and Reception are selling rapidly, so all who wish to attend should procure one at once.

Dr. Gallaudet's friends in Philadelphia, Hartford, Boston, and elsewhere, are cordially invited to be present. Representatives of the Clerc Literary Society, the Boston Society, and Old Hartford should try to be present.

As we before announced, *no money will be taken at the door*, so all who contemplate coming, but delay purchasing a ticket, must not be disappointed when they are refused admittance though they present the price of admission.

Mr. John Carlin will preside on the occasion and will deliver the opening address. In our next, we will try and give the programme of what will form the prominent features of the entertainment.

Maine Deaf-Mute Mission.

The officers of the above-named Mission desire that those intending to go to Portland, be present in Rev. Pearson's Church at half past one o'clock sharp, in order to get through with business which may come before the Mission. Free return tickets will be furnished to all those who pay their full fares on the Maine Railroad. Board and lodgings can be had for low rates. St. Nicholas hotel on the European plan is recommended as a convenient place for mutes to meet. Messrs. Keniston and Bailey will conduct Sunday services. Come one and all.

C. AUG. BROWN.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

T. S. Mundis, of York, Pa., is a cigar-maker.

"Sidus" wants to know if the word "girl" occurs twice in the Bible.

Mr.—Sword a graduate of the Kentucky Institution, is in York, Pa., begging.

A semi-mute lady of Galesburg, Ill., is teaching two Swedish deaf-mute girls.

Edward Duran and Miss Lucy L. Tisdale were at the Globe Theatre, Boston, lately.

The *Silent World*, of Toronto, Canada, will be enlarged on the 1st of January 1881.

Mrs. Mary Hatch, of Galesburg, Ill., has been sick in bed for nearly two weeks. She is nearly well now.

Miss Annie D. Bentz, who was working in Baltimore is now at home in York, attending her sick mother.

Mr. J. H. Harvey and his wife and son will start for Avery, Iowa this winter, on a visit about two or three weeks.

Mr. Jac M. Koehler, who is Principal of a day school for deaf-mutes in Scranton, Pa., will be in York to visit his friends at Christmas.

John A. Ther, who was throw out of employment by the late fire at the Empire Car works, obtained employment in Baugher & Co.'s Foundry.

George White, Jr., son of Principal of Grammar School No. 27, N. Y. City, who recently lost his hearing by spotted fever, will attend the 44th Street Institution as a day-pupil.

William Glenn, a deaf-mute man, of McConnelsville, O., is the owner of two hundred acres of land. He says that he has made quite a sum from the sale of his late crops.

M. McFaul is willing to run any mute in the world either a 75-yard or a 440-yard race. If any one wishes to accept his challenge, they can make it known through the JOURNAL.

Frank Skillin and Edward Duran, together with the latter's boss, Mr. Anderson, visited the wrecked steamship Flavian, of Liverpool, which struck on a rock at Newfoundland's Island.

W. D. Palmer, who lately removed to Kansas, was in Quincy, Ill., to see his only son who is seven years old. While there he met Wm. Devoe, who is an intelligent deaf-mute engineer.

Miss Nellie Lothridge, of Buffalo, who is visiting Miss Sarah Buxton, of Hamburgh. Nellie will remain with Miss Buxton until after New Year. We wish Nellie a good time.

On a recent visit to Cleveland, O., B. O. Sprague, of Marietta, O., had the pleasure of meeting his friend, Alfred Mounire, at Canton, Ohio. Alfred is a good time-killer, and it seem that he is doing a good business in his shoe shop.

Miss Ida Hastings, of Arkon, O., is employed in the clock factory of D. P. James & Co., of that city, and gets $1. 50 per day. Mr. James says he has over twenty young ladies employed in his factory, but none rival her.

On November 23d, Mr. Edward Duran, of South Boston met his friend Mr. James F. Frealick, of Worcester, who was on his way to Provincetown to visit his family. He gave Mr. Duran his portrait, cabinet size.

On Sunday, the 5th, Mr. J. B. Herman met Messrs. Bergquist, of Jamestown, Stanley, of Canada, Fred Wheeler, of Buffalo, and Augustus Kowald. They were sorry that they did not see Mr. and Mrs. Girardin before they went away.

Jesse D. Stewart, of Coal Run, Ohio, has closed his shoe shop for a while, and is at present hauling logs for the proposed Muskingum River ice harbor. He says his wages are good, and that he will haul as long as they are in need of logs.

They had an entertainment at the Philadelphia Institution a couple of weeks since. Miss Jesse Glenn was the master spirit of the affair. All who participated were dressed in costumes according to the characters they undertook to represent.

During his stay in Baltimore, Md., Rev. Job Turner went with Mr. James S. Wells to see Mrs. Melville Ballard out of respect to her husband, one of the teachers at the Washington Deaf-Mute Inst. She received them with great civility. She is blessed with three interesting children

The attention of all readers of this paper is respectfully called to an advertisement found in another column respecting Derby's books.

Miss Birdie Chapin, of Mattoon, Ill., has received the appointement of assistant teacher in the St. Louis Day School. The school numbers 37 pupils.

Mr. J. M. Kuhn, of Maine, Germany, has been stopping with his nephew in San Francisco for a year, and will perhaps remain for another year. He is very popular among his friends.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Republic* says:—"A quartette of deaf-mutes were playing an interesting game of billards at Captain Hihns, 255 North Ninth Street, on Saturday last. Thos. Conroy and Thos. Breen did some beautiful playing."

When Washington Houston read the article in the JOURNAL about the celebrated tin wedding, he was much interested, Mr. Juhring, of Brooklyn, N. Y., having been a classmate of his. He wishes Mr. and Mrs. Juhring a long and happy life.

Seventeen millionaires living in Colorado Springs. I wonder if *our* name is on the list?—*Index.* When you find it on the list, Bro. Harbert, you can print the *Index* on gilt-edged paper with prefumed ink and send a chromo along with each issue.

On Thanksgiving day, Messrs. Krause, the two Welches, Jellison and Duran, met in the rooms of the young men's Christian Association in Boston, and then went to Chapel's Hall to the dinner given to the members of the Association. The dinner was a grand affair.

On December 4th, Mr. Paul S. Girardin and his wife, of Buffalo, started for Crogham, N. Y., where they will remain till after New Year's. Their friends visited them on the previous evening to bid them good-bye. Messrs. Stafflinger, Bergler and Phelps were among the visitors.

Mr. J. Brooks McGann fills the vacancy at the West Virginia Institution caused by the resignation of Mr. Ferguson. Mr. A. D. Hayes, assistant editor of the *Tablet*, teaches a class of deaf-mutes, while also attending to the duties required of him in connection with the printing office.

A young deaf-mute from near Canton, O., has just returned from a visit to Marion, O., and said that he passed "Prospect Boy" on the street, and that his white hair and black moustache looked splendid. Next time he goes there he will ask him if he puts soot on his moustache, which is worrying those poor girls so much.

Mrs. Fanny Bond, of Leadville writes that she is much interested in deaf-mutes. Her oldest son is a pupil at the Colorado Institution, and is learning to set type on the *Index*. Mrs. Bond has many pleasant acquaintances among the deaf-mutes in Cleveland and Columbus, O., and in Missouri. She hopes the deaf-mute ladies will succeed in getting a college for themselves.

Mr. A. C. Doe, a semi-mute, runs in the postal car between Sacramento and San Francisco. He is said to be the best and quickest distributer in the California post office, if not in the country. He is much beloved by all young ladies of San Francisco, because he has been a perfect gentleman, and true friend to any one. He once lived in Lowell and Boston. He used to know the deceased Mr. Geo. R. Lake, and Messrs. P. J. and V. B. Wright, of Lowell.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12th, at the request of Mr. James S. Wells, a teacher to colored mutes, the Rev. Job Turner officiated by signs at Grace Chapel, Baltimore, Md., before a large number of silent people, three of whom he formerly taught at Staunton, Va., and who were Mr. and Mrs. John McGill, formerly of New Orleans and Mrs. Sarah E. Morgan. On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Turner started for old Virginia to visit his two sons for a few days.

Mr. Charles E. Knight, of Worcester, has selected the following gentlemen as candidates for the gold headed cane that will be voted for at the coming levee next February in Worcester: John W. Page, of Maine, F. W. Bigelow, of Vermont, V. B. Wright, of New Hampshire, James Budlong, of Rhode Island, Frank Crossman, of Connecticut. The one getting the greatest number of votes will be presented with the cane. If any of the gentlemen above named can not be present, they will confer a favor by informing Mr. Knight.

On the night of the 9th inst., in St. John's Church, York, Penn., were assembled to listen to the Rev. Job Turner, the following deaf-mutes; Michael D. Barnitz, Miss Camilla A. Barnitz, William A. Bentz, Miss Annie D. Bentz, Daniel Bentzel, George E. Kohler, Mrs. Margaret S. Lanius, Mrs. Maggie S. Lehr, her sister Rebecca. Pressing business prevented Benj. Lanius from attending the meeting. The service being done, the rector kindly invited the mutes into the Church, reading-room to pass an hour or more in social conversation. He told them to use the room whenever they liked. Mr. Turner the next morning got off to Frederick, Md. He looked quite enthusiastic in his mission work!

Mr. R. D. Livingstone left San Francisco on the 30th ult., with a party of ladies and gentlemen to Reno, Nevada, and stopped over the night. The next morning they went to Carson City and the U. S. Mint officers invited them to visit the Mint, etc. Then they left for Virginia City, Nevada, and they visited the Belcher mine, to view the hoisting machinery and pumping engines, and the Consolidated Virginia Co. hoisting works. After viewing the works and assay office, they went down in the mines, and thence visited the different mining works and mills of the Comstock. Then they took dinner at the International Hotel, and they took the cars for Reno where all took different roads. Mr. Livingstone took the train for the South.

On Tuesday evening last, about twenty-five members of the Washington Heights Century Club, assembled in the parlors of Schedler's High Bridge Hotel, to welcome the safe return of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet—formerly president of the club—who has for many years been employed as principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution on 162d street and Hudson River. The *menu* was printed on satin, and the dinner was gotten up in Mrs. Schedler's best style, and consisted of venison, canvas-back duck and other delicacies, to which the members did full justice. Anecdotes and laughable stories were indulged in amid the clatter of knives and forks which were plied most vigorously. Finally the president, H. B. Perkins, rapped for order, and speech-making began by his warmly welcoming Dr. Peet, who had lately returned from the International Congress for Deaf-Mutes at Milan, to which the Doctor was a delegate. The table was surrounded by the gentleman of the Club, who all endorsed the words of welcome. The doctor was in his happiest train of thought, and answered in the pleasing manner so peculiarly his own. He gave a synopsis of his visit and related some humorous anecdotes, and thanked the Club most kindly for the compliment to him of the dinner. Other speeches followed by members present, and the jollity was kept up to an early hour in the morning. Long live Dr. Peet, and long live the Century Club and its happy members, and long live Mrs. Schedler to cater for them.—*Local Reporter.*

Mr. John Lewis, of Philadelphia, will visit Mr. Kohler, of York, Pa.

Miss Jane Morrow was taken sick with typhoid fever last September, but has fully recovered.

Mr. John F. Donnelly's address is Blackstone, Mass. He would be pleased to hear from Nye Brown.

Mr. W. Hartley, of Eeast End, Pittsburg, Pa., is going to be present at the inauguration of the President of the United States.

On the evening of the 13th, the friends of H. D. Reayes, of the New York Institution, gave him a surprise party. Most of those who attended are well-known mutes of New York. It was an enjoyable affair, and we hope to have a full report of it for the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Thomas Burke, a blacksmith, of No. 22 Madison St., and Leroy Peters, a deaf-mute, of No. 63 Malberry St., were arraigned yesterday in the Court of General Sessions on a charge of grand larceny. Recorder Symthe sentenced Burke to one year in the penitentiary and Peters to six months imprisonment and a fine of $50.—*New York Times*, Dec. 14.

Last Friday morning Mrs. Van Court of Philadelphia was taken with a rush of blood to the head and fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Her hearing son heard the noise and went to her assistance. He got two kind deaf-mute ladies to take careof her. She was very badly bruised about her head and body, but it is to be hopedthat she will recover.

On Friday night, December 10th, the Rev. Turner fullfilled his appointment in Frederick, Maryland, which city he reached from Baltimore fifteen minutes before service. He was, therefore, obliged to go direct from the depot to the church, where a pleasant service was held before a number of deaf-mutes, among whom were Messrs. Grow and Showman. The next morning, he visited the Deaf and Dumb Instituiion.

During his soj ourn in Baltimore, Md., the Rev Job. Turner made a friendly call on Mr. and Mrs. John McGill, formerly of New Orleans, and enjoyed their conversation. Mrs. McGill said that Mr. Edmund Booth, formerly a teacher in the American Asylum at Hartford, and now Editor of the *Anamosa* (Iowa) *Eureka*, was her first instructor when she was about six years old. They met each other at the National Deaf-Mute Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, last August.

Mr. George B. Keniston of Everett, Mass., left for Belfast, Maine, by steamer last Friday evening Dec. 10. The steamer was taken in a violent storm on the ocean, and highness of waves compelled her to hug the coast, and she arrived in Belfast, Sunday, one o'clock A.M. Notwithstanding the roughness of voyage, he felt handsomely entertained at C. A. Brown's house, and spoke to the people of his class on the wondrous work of God. He returned by the same way the next day.

On ths 13th, inst. at the Blind Institution in Baltimore, Md., Rev. Job. Turner met Mr. Louis C. Tuck, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, and lately an instruction in the Oregon Deaf and Dumb Institution at Salem. The Oregon Institution having ceased to exist for the present. Mr. Tuck was therefore obliged to give up his profession. He has been engaged to teach a deaf and dumb blind boy at that school Institution temporarily till he can get something else. He will repair to Salem, Oregon, as son as the Institution goes into operation again.

Mr and Mrs. John Deshong invited a few mutefriends to spend Thanksgiving Day with theirnoly son and his charming bride, at their residence, which is pleasantly situated a little distance from the beautiful Cayuga Lake, with a splendid view of the Lake. Among the Guests invibd were Mrs. Samuel A. Taber, of Scipio, N Y, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, of Levanna, N.Y. Mr. Deshong and his bride had been married at Arcde, and are spending the winter his parents. Thebride is lovely as all brides are, and an excellent repast was partaken of by all with much enjoyment. Both are graduates of the New York Institution.

The idea of founding a college or seminary for the higher education of deaf-mute ladies has take a definite shape. Miss Angie Fuller, one of the most intelligent and refined ladies in the silet world, started the ball by writing a communication to the *Deaf-Mute's Journal*, suggesting a plan of organization, and pledging the sum of $5, as a nucleus for contributions from thoe who favored the project. This amount, insignificant as it is, has proved a lodestone attacting donations from various sources, and upto the present more than $60 has been voluntarily subscribed. Now let the organization proceed. Ways and means will not be waiting to assure success. Details should be arranged as soon as the organization is perfected and officers chosen to manage the affair.—*Index.*

A Sociable at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms.

The first social gathering of the season was held last evening in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gangewer received the guests, assisted by their daughters, Misses Cora and Ida Gangewer. The entertaintment consisted of a recitation. The Two "Angels" (Longfellow), by Miss Susie C. Benedict, which she afterward gave in the sign language employed by the deaf-mutes. Misses Anna and Lucy Herring gave an instrumental piece from "Trovatore," and subsequently sang a duet, "Moonlight on the Rhine." Prof. J. H. Benedict gave a pantomime of a young lady's visit to a dry goods store. Mr. A. M. Gangewer read "The Origin of Scandal." Among those were Judge Snell and wife, Judge Jones, Mr. Williamson, Mrs. Mulliken, Mrs. Rolland, Mrs. Westcott and others.—*Washington Post.*

BANQUET IN PARIS.

On Sunday, Nov. 21st, about 200 persons arrived, one after the other, at the door of the Restaurant Berthier, Paris, showed a card, made a few mysterious signs, and entered a hall that had previously been be spoken. In this hall the most profound silence was observed, but every one seemed to understand his neighbor. It was the deaf and dumb of Paris who had assembled thus to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of their first instructor, the Abbe de l'Epee, and who included in their ranks painters, sculptors, poets, employees, and workmen. So perfect was their system of signs that their banquet was thoroughly enjoyed, and when the desert came on speeches were made and heartily applauded. A young poet rendered with marvellous expression a composition entitled "Lake Leman," nor was song lacking to enliven the evening—song, that is to say, invented by one of the company, and much appreciated by his comrades. Finally, the festivities were brought to a close by a performance of Moliere's "Malade Imaginaire," in costume, and delivered with admirable "diction." Never (says a Paris correspondent) was the famous comedy more thoroughly enjoyed or greeted with more hearty laughter.

A deaf-mute inquired what "frod" meant His teacher applied an audiphone to his (the pupil's) teeth, and roared. He then took it away and inquired, in signs. "What did you hear?" A negative shake of the head was the response. "Well this thing is a "frod," said the teacher. The illustration was satisfactory.—*Index.*

A "Silent Admirer," of Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Having read with much interest an article that appeared in the JOURNAL, referring to the "Proposition to start a seminary for mute girls," I cannot help admiring such a lady as that San Francisco writer (L. McC), for she is fortunately in possession of common sense not commonly found in women, and probably understands human nature in all its phases. Would like to know through the JOURNAL her address in San Francisco, if she is willing."

DIED.

SUTTER.—Died at St. Louis, Mo., October 28th, Barbara, daughter of Adam and Barbara Sutter, aged 16 months.

Girls and the National College.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Although I am a hearing person, I am greatly interested in deaf-mutes and their works, and hope this will suffice, Mr. Editor, to insure the publication of this letter in your valuable and widely circulated paper. I have long watched the progress of the deaf-mutes of the United States and Canada, and have ever taken the keenest interest in their welfare. Not many years ago this class was considered one of the most unfortunate possible, and deaf persons were looked upon with the same degree of pity as the idiot and lunatic. But since these noble institutions have been established for their education and training, it has been demonstrated that, with the exception of loss of hearing, they are on a level with persons in possession of all their senses, and have been given a place in society accordingly. The mutes, themselves, realize the great importance of these schools better than anyone else. They understand how essential it is that they should get a good education. Hence their desire for a well conducted college where they can go and study higher branches than are taught at the State Institutions. This desire is met in the shape of a National College at Washington, but as this college is for males exclusively, and as there is no college or seminary for the ladies, this very praiseworthy and honorable ambition of deaf-mutes, for knowledge is not fully answered, and will not be until the ladies are provided for.

It is natural and right that they should wish to enter the College at Washington, and upon what ground or for what reason the doors or said institute are barred against them passes my comprehension. The students are foolishly prejudiced against the girls and oppose them, but why they do so is a mystery. They have given absolutely no reason why the ladies should not be admitted, and I think to oppose without a reason is poor policy. The fact is, there is no reason, unless it may be inferred that they are not gentlemen enough to give the ladies due respect and deference.

But they have nothing to do with the College anyhow, and it makes no difference whether they object to the admittance of the girls or not, and I have only been led to speak of them by the fact that the girls seem to think that they are "lord and master" at Kendall Green, and if they say they will not have the girls the question is settled forever. They said they would not have the "nigger," but they HAVE got him.

Now, the deaf-mute ladies throughout the country have pretty generally given up all hope of ever entering the National College, and are making efforts to establish a Seminary of their own; and it is chiefly to discourage this plan that this article is written. I am against such a project, because I feel convinced it will be an utter failure, and that by attempting the enterprise they are putting themselves to great expense and trouble for nothing.

It would seem cruel and unjust in me to throw cold water on their bright hopes and plans without compensating, and I will now propose the only plan that can be undertaken at present with any hopes of success. It is this:—That the girls ask Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, in a proper manner, to use his influence in having the college doors hang open as fully to them as to the boys. Dr. Gallaudet is a man who has devoted his life to the interests of the deaf and dumb, and he understands their wants better than any man in the United States, and for this reason, he of all men, is the one to provide for those wants. I feel confident that he would not let such a petition pass unnoticed. The College buildings are abundantly large enough to accommodate all who could afford to go, and by getting Congress to raise the annual appropriation, the College could be maintained with the same regularity and exactness as it is now.

The demand is not great enough at present for another National College, and Congress will not consider the subject for a moment. But let the girls enter the College now established and show that they are in earnest in their wish for a higher education, and when the proper time comes Congress will not be backward in making suitable provisions.

Heretofore, the girls have sought to enter by abusing the students, and of course, the result has been anything but satisfactory.

Let them go to work right, and they will not only meet with success, but the hearty co-operation of the students also. J. C. W.

HARTFORD, CT., Dec. 6, '80.

BOSTON ITEMS.

Prof. Fay's Services.

LECTURE BY MR. PACKARD, OF SALEM.

Subject—Roman Catholicism

SERVICES BY REV. MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

A Christmas Party on the Tapis.

OTHER REMARKS.

(*From our Boston Correspondent.*)

Quite a large audience greeted Prof. G. O. Fay, of Hartford (Ohio can claim him no more for her own), on his first appearance upon the platform of our society, last Sunday, and to say that the favorable impression which we had formed of him on hearsay evidence was confirmed during his brief stay with us, would not express enough of the pleasure his address has given us. In the morning he began with a pleasant familiar talk to those present, about deaf-mutes in general and the mutes of Boston in particular, speaking all the while in so kindly a tone that we knew at once the deaf-mutes held a warm place in his heart. Something of this we have heard before, and we are convinced of it.

In referring to the National Convention held in Cincinnati last August, he said it marked an important epoch in the history of our class.

In the afternoon he delivered a sermon, which, for directness of speech and practical advice, we have rarely seen equalled. He plainly described those faults common to all humanity, which ought to be avoided, and those virtues which ought to be cultivated, and all this in a manner so kind and considerate withal that the patients forgave the doctor for applying the probing knife so keenly to their hearts in consideration of his good intentions. Another sermon from him is desired, and another invitation will be extended to him at an early day, possibly on the second of January next. Among those who came from afar to attend the services were Mr. and Mrs. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mrs. Ralph A. Atwood, Miss Richardson and the Miss Deering, all from Newburyport. Miss Atwood was accompanied by her little daughter, a pretty copy of the mother in miniature.

A lecture that excited considerable interest, was delivered by Philo W. Packard, of Salem, last Wednesday evening, at the rooms of the society. The subject, namely, "The influence of Roman Catholicism on the Politics of Europe and America" was characteristic, for "Deacon" Packard is a Baptist of the strongest convictions, or in other words, what is usually termed a Hard Shell Baptist. He handled his subject without gloves, dealing blows right and left at the encroaching policy of popes, bishops, priests and papers like the *Irish World* and the *Pilot*, upon individual liberty. Whether there really is any cause for alarm or not, it was evident from Mr. Packard's forcible manner of delivery that he was in earnest and fully believed all he said. He frequently asked in the course of his address, "Shall we bear this tyrannical damnation of the mind from the papists?" to which a few zealous members replied with energetic shakes of the head. The lecture was well delivered, whatever the subject.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain held services in the Church of the Good Shepherd both morning and evening. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Connell came to the Communion. This was last Sunday. When Dr. Gallaudet comes again to preach in Boston, a large audience will be sure to be there to welcome him back to his own. It is probable that the Doctor will have something interesting to relate about his travels.

The question has often been asked why Revs. Gallaudet and Chamberlain do not preach in St. Paul's Church, which has a more central location than that of the Good Shepherd, and which would be sure to attract a large audience.

A Christmas Party is on the *tapis*. It will be held in the spacious parlors of Miss Flagg's house on Pembroke street. It is to be private. About thirty persons have been invited. A good time and much fun are expected from the Christmas tree. Mr. Hodgson, the young ladies want to know if you are coming. Now tell us, really. Do come—do—that is a good fellow.

ETCHINGS.

If the newly organized State Deaf-Mute Mission, of Maine, with C. Aug. Brown at its head, had fixed upon a day later than the first week in January for its first convention, they might have expected a few visitors from the Hub, among whom may be named Mr. F. C. Davis and the writer. For my part I am glad to see the mutes of Maine taking the management of their religious mission into their own hands, and hope they will submit to no dictation nor unsought for interference from Boston, or elsewhere. May success crown their efforts for religion and independence, is my wish. By the way, I owe Mr. C. A. Brown thanks for services rendered me in another quarter, and here take the opportunity of giving my due.

Gorham D. Abbott, late editor of the defunct *Silent People*, has obtained a situation on the Lowell *Citizen*, a paper which his uncle edits. He is on the editorial corps, receiving good wages. His mother, the widow of the versatile author, John S. C. Abbott, has removed to Lowell with him.

The East Portland, (Or.) *Telegram* gives the following account of the manner in which one of the mute inmates of the insane asylum near that city suddenly recovered his speech: For years Mr. Anderson, a dumb inmate of the asylum has plodded along, being unable to speak a word. All efforts to bring back the use of his vocal organs were in vain, and he was told that he could never again speak. On Sunday last the inmates were given a romp in the handsome grove which is surrounded by a high wall, in order to sun themselves. One of the inmates, a rather wild individual, imagined he was a squirrel, and away he went scampering up one of the tall fir trees to its topmost branches, and would neither return to solid ground for pleadings nor threats. Anderson was near at hand and volunteered to go and bring him back. The poor unfortunates who were in the yard at the time, were greatly pleased, and laughed and shouted joyously as Anderson climbed from branch to branch toward the top. He had climbed about thirty feet from the ground when a limb broke and down came Anderson bouncing among the branches, finally sitting on the ground like the hammer of a pile-driver. The wardens expected to see him killed or knocked senseless, but they were astonished as Anderson sprang to his feet and burst out in a volley of profanity that would have put a trooper to blush. He kept up swearing without intermission for at least 10 minutes, while everybody was transfixed with astonishment. He had recovered his speech, and today can talk as well as any person, and to say that he is delighted in consequence of his fall is drawing it mildly."

Do any readers of the JOURNAL believe that the lunatic mentioned above could not speak? I don't. It is possible that a man's hearing may be restored to him by the shock or jar of a fall as described above, but that his speech once lost by a disease, injury or any other cause, can be restored by a sudden shock, seems incredible. It is more than probable that it was a freak of insanity on the lunatic's part to pretend dumbness and the sudden catastrophe dissolved the spell (?) on his tongue and before he knew what he was about, he gave vent to his feelings in the most natural way in the world. Who ever heard of a hearing-dumb person? I have never, but once. That was summer when I introduced a young lady to a gentleman friend on board the steamer for Nantasket Beach, as a "hearing lady." He mistook my phrase, and after speaking a few words to her, asked me if she was one who could hear but not speak. The question was too much for my gravity, and after due apology for my laugh, I told him that she could speak, too. "Then, why did you not tell me so at first?" he said "you only told me she could hear." I said "because it would be natural to infer it from the fact that she could hear." The young man in question is a medical student, and by no means deficient in intelligence.

The city of Cambridge is excited over a question of color in the public schools. Several colored ladies had entered a competitive examination for positions as teachers in the public schools and, as it is claimed, the School Committee, in spite of the classical atmosphere of Harvard College and the neighborhood of Longfellow, the Abolitionist poet, rejected the dark-hued daughters of Eve, giving their preference to their fairer sisters. Opinions were divided on this point, the prevailing one being that the time has not yet come to set colored persons over schools unless those of their own color.

The phrase, "Ich Dien," which has appeared sometimes in the JOURNAL, invariably reminds me of a good story in connection with it. It may do no harm to repeat it here. The phrase, as every student of history knows, was adopted by the Black Prince from the escutcheon of a brave old knight who died, (the last male of his line), on the field of battle, and has been the motto of the Prince of Wales ever since. A badge of gold bearing this motto is worn by "Col." Sawhill, of Pennsylvania, who used to relate, with much gusto, the story that one day, Mr, Pratt, of of the Ohio Institution, saw the badge and asked "Col." what the motto, "Ich Dien," meant. Upon being told that it meant "I serve," he requested "Col." to go and bring him a glass of water. True to his motto, "Col." did as he was ordered.

* * *

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET.

Exercises Commemoritive of his Life and Work, at the Ohio School.

A POEM BY MIS ANGIE A. FULLER, WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

Other Gleanings.

(*From our Regul- Correspondent.*)

To perpetuate the memory of men who have wrought good and great deeds is a natural impluse of humanity. In our own country among those who justly deserve to rank among men of renown is Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, for the distinguish services he has accomplished in behalf of the deaf and dumb, and to hold his name and works in grateful remembrance should ever form a pleasant feature among the class for whom he devoted the best part of his life.

The Ohio Institution, for the first time in its history, carried into execution, by holding public exercises in accordance with the above sentiment, on Friday evening December 10th, being the ninety-third anniversary of Gallaudet's birth.

The credit of suggesting and arranging these exercises is almost wholly due to Mr. Robert Patterson, who spared no pains to render them a success, which they proved to be.

In the decoration of the chapel for the occasion, which was the work of Mr. Perry, much taste was displayed, and the remark of all hands was, "They are a thing of beauty."

A large fine crayon portrait of Mr. Gallaudet, with a white background, graced the center of the back of the stage, having at its right side 1815 and on its left 1880, wrought in evergreens with a wreath of the same material at each of the upper corners. Above Mr. Gallaudet's likeness was the painting of Mr. Clerc, executed by Mr. Kerr, of Michigan, on either side were busts of the abbes Sicard and De l'Epee. The Stars and Stripes, with evergreens hung materially to lend beauty to the group, gazed upon the mute audience before it, who are reaping the fruit of these pioneers in deaf-mute education.

Promptly at seven o'clock, Dr. A. G. Byers opened the exercises with a most fervent prayer. Then five young ladies dressed in white, each wearing a crown of flowers upon the head came upon the platform through one of the windows at the back, and having taken their positions, repeated in concert, in a manner that was touching and beautiful the lines below given.

Joy! I am a mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their long lone fears are o'er,
Sweet sisters, dry your tears;
List at the hush of eve, when at dawn of day,
List at the hour of prayer can ye not hear my lay?
Untaught, unchecked it came,
As light from Christ beamed,
Praise his everlasting name,
Whose blood from salvary streamed,
And still it swells the highest strain,
The song of the redeemed.

Sisters! there's music here;
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright celestial sphere,
Nor pause, nor discord knows.
The seal is melted from mine ear,
By love divine,
And what through time I pined to hear,
Is mine, is mine—
The warbling of an ever-joyful choir,
And the free, deep response of David's sacred lyre.
Did kind earth hide from me
Her broken harmonies,
That thus the melodies of heaven might roll,
And whelm in deep tides of bliss
My wrapt, my wondering soul.

A brief Biographical sketch of Mr. Gallaudet was given by Prof. Talbot, who outlined his life up to the establishment of the American Asylum. The points presented, while not all new to those familiar with the career of Mr. Gallaudet, were interesting nevertheless, and duly appreciated by those assembled, particularly his account of the treatment Mr. G. received in England when he applied to have the deaf-mute method taught him.

To Mr. Robert Patterson was assigned the leading part of the evenings exercises, eulogizing the life and character of Mr. Gallaudet, and this we are sure he performed acceptably to all.

Those familiar with Mr. Patterson's manner of delivery need no further proof of this fact. His remarks were eloquent and forcible, carrying his audience with him to the highest pitch of interest, as he pictured in glowing terms Mr. G.'s work in behalf of the deaf and dumb, of the interest he took in them, of his going among the insane and the culprits of the prison ministering to the spiritual welfare of the inmates of these institutions. We hope by next week, to furnish the JOURNAL with extracts of his oration.

Mr. R. H. Atwell recited several reminiscences of Dr. Gallaudet, showing how dearly he was attached to the deaf and dumb.

The following beautiful Hymn was then rendered by a gentleman and lady pupil:

HYMN—BY LUZERNE RAE.

He dies: the earth becomes more dark
When such as he ascend to heaven,
For where Death strikes a "shining mark,"
Through bleeding hearts his shaft is driven.
Alike the sounds of mourning come
From humble hut and lofty hall,
Wherever misery finds a home;
And all lament the friend of all.

He dies: and still around his grave
The silent sons of sorrow bend,
With tears for him they could not save,
Their guide—their father—and their friend;
And minds in ruin ask for him,
With wondering woe that he is gone:
And cheeks are pale and eyes are dim,
Among the outcast and forlorn.

He lives: for virtue cannot die,
The man departs, his deeds remain;
They wipe the tear, they check the sigh,
They hush the sob of mortal pain.
Love lasts forever; age on age
The holy flame renews its glow,
While man's brief years of pilgrimage,
End in the dust of earth below.

He lives: his memory is the light
To which our eyes with reverence turn;
To love the true—to choose the right—
Are lessons from his life we learn.
Give us, O Lord! thy guiding hand,
And teach us by thy Word, that we
Like him, may labor in the land,
And follow him to heaven and Thee.

A letter from President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, was read, expressing regret at inability to be present to take part in the exercises.

By request, Miss Angie A. Fuller composed the poem below for the occasion, which it was intended to have read, but owing to its late arrival and the fact that the exercises had already been prolonged, it was deemed best to defer it. The poem will be read in the chapel Sabbath evening, (to-morrow), and also be printed in the next issue of the *Chronicle*.

It is an exceptionally fine poem, and coming from the source it does, is a credit to the genius of the writer.

1787—DECEMBER 10—1880.

LINES TO

COMMEMORATE THE 93D BIRTHDAY

OF

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET

The years, the years, the wonder freighted years,
How fast they move upon the silent way,
Bearing with them alike our hopes and fears,
And all that makes the story of each day,
Bearing all to that sea without a shore,
That circle, which, because it has no end,
We call eternity, and evermore,
By varying paths, our way around it wend.

Behold what monuments the years have built,
Not in the form of pyramids alone;
Not in the shape of brass, nor bronze high gilt,
Nor solid gold, nor marble, granite, stone,
Piled up in useless grandeur here and there,
As man decrees, throughout the sea girt land,
To please our whimmy fancies, and declare
The cunning skill of his own brain and hand.

Not in the form of tombs to tell us where
Rest those who have achieved some fond success,
Those who are strong to venture, do, or dare,
Or suffer, other's sufferings to redress;
Not in such forms Time's noblest work appears,
For soon, full soon, such crumble and decay,
And by the years, the wonder working years,—
Are ruined; swept entirely away.

But in the far more glorious, lasting form
Of homes whereinto each poor moaning one,
Whom fate sends forth to wander in the storm
Of bleak adversity; whom proud souls shun.
The maimed, the sick, demented, blind and deaf,
The idiotic even;—all assured
That they shall find some measure of relief,
Be cheered, be taught, relieved, or wholly cured.

Such are the grandest monuments of Time,
Though very plain or homely they may be,
And each one hallows every inch of ground
Whereon it stands;—and to it proudly flee,
As to a Mecca, many a grateful heart,
That it with pilgrim reverence may pay
Its tithes,—its homage true: and then depart
Stronger, to press upon its rugged way.

And every year which sees such structures rise
And opened to each burdened, suffering heart,
Which sees them nursed, or healed, or kindly cheered,
Or taught to act in life a worthy part,
Is a rare golden link in Time's vast chain—
Firm welded, which shall glitter evermore,
Glitter when we are done with grief and pain,
And stand triumphant on the spirit shore.

And they who plan these monumental piles,
And labor others' sufferings to redress:—
Labor undaunted long as heaven smiles,
To make the sum of earth's great misery less,
Are kings and queens, though never robe nor crown,
Nor sceptre, shall be given them here below;
Their throne is grateful hearts, their diadem
The joy which but the self-forgetting know.

This, but as preface. Ye, who meet to-day
In one of these grand monumental homes,
Whose history were it fully traced would lay
Not in mere volumes, but in costly tones,
Be more than glad, for what the years have wrought;
Be more than pleased for what your eyes behold;
Be jubiliant, exultant; strange the thought,
Yet these plain walls the very earth enfold.

Enfold and influence, silently, yet sure
As shines the sun by day, the moon at night,
As gleam the stars, the wonder waking stars.
In constellation, gloriously bright;
Influences as does a Mother true,
Through memory, her child, her wondering child,
Whom, if she did not with fond love pursue,
Might soon be lost, ruined, or sin-defiled.

Do any doubt? but late to me there came,
Hoar-headed, wise, benignant, loyal, true,
Men who reflect high honor on the name
Of that blest mortal mother, who can do
Right—though they, in the doing, stand alone;
Right—though the thoughtless sneer and laud the wrong;
Right—sure that while to God all things are known;
They are themselves an host, a mighty throng.

They come to me, not knowing I would heed
Their coming much, or even sing their praise;
Not conscious that the words they dropped were seed,
Which would take root and live in other days;
Blossoms of earnest thought and purpose firm,
Within my mind and heart, and as is meet,
Would make their names, to me, in proper term,
"Incense,"—forever precious, fresh and sweet.

And they are but a few among the host
Of noble men and women, who this hour,
Standing on life's far verge, can proudly boast
They saw the bud of what is now the flower—
Trod those dear halls as children, ignorant, weak,
As trembling prisoners without power to tell
Whence they had come, or whither they would go
When time had broken silence's horrid spell.

Trod them as youths emancipated, saved,
From such a fate as would make angels weep,
When thinking on it; trod with senses laved,
Not only in the founts which wise men keep
Open to all; but at that freer fount
Of spiritual knowledge:—by the light
Of which we upward from earth's darkness mount,
And cross in happy triumph, death's cold tide.

Trod them as heralds of a growing class,
Who should throughout all time excite the cry,
"What hath God wrought? How doth he kindly pass,
Mercy around; when voiceless sufferers cry.
How doth he love his children, one and all,
And deal his blessings with impartial hand;
Made man his agent; own him as his heir,
And honor him in every age and land.

A class that should pursue earth's winding ways
As artists, scholars, winning wealth and fame,
As noble laborers, anxious to bequeath
To their descendants an unsullied name,
That grandest legacy which man can leave
His heirs or country, when at last he lies
Cold in the arms of Death, and fond hearts grieve,
Venting their sorrow by their tears and sighs.

This theme is grand, so grand I long to dip
My pen in lurid fire, thereby to trace
More perfectly, the joy inspiring scene,
Which center in and cluster round this place
This anniversary day; Lo! angels come
To hover near and sing triumphal songs
Of praise to Him who makes the deaf and dumb,
And unto whom our loftiest praise belongs.

Let the warm-hearted South and generous East
Clasp hands to-day in kind fraternal love,
The pioneers—the fathers—let them come
In spirit from their blessed home above;
Come to this honored mother, who has borne
So many mental children; children we
But for their mutual love perchance had worn
The heaviest shackles life's whole journey through.

Come, and with her, and all who hold her dear,
Rejoice, exult, that many, oh! many a child
Who once seemed doomed to live in stupid fear
And die in ignorance, all sin-defiled
Is now a happy soul, fully prepared
To act in life a worthy, noble part,
And go whene'er its summons is declared
To meet the Judge with an unfearing heart.

Call it a vine, a rare and precious vine,
Which not a century since, was planted here;
Planted in faith, and watched assiduously
With anxious alternating hope and fear;
Behold it now, a massive fruitful thing,
O'ershadowing e'en the borders of our State
At every compass point; and witnessing,
Each year, a transformation still more great.

Blest evermore be they—the pioneers,
Who bravely this great march of progress led;
Who struggled nobly through all doubts and fears
Till all uncertainity and doubt were dead
May ceaseless benedictions on them fall;
May heaven's high arches with their praise resound;
May all the deaf who live, or are to live,
Cherish their names with reverence profound.

ANGIE A. FULLER.

Dec. 7, 1880.

INSTITUTION GLEANINGS.

The chapel service of Sabbath morning last was of unusual interest, being conducted by Mr. N. K. Wade, who had for his theme "Marks that won't rub out." He cited many illustrations pertinent to the subject Mr. Clark gave a recitation at the opening, "Dare to do right," while six little girls closed the exercises by repeating the Doxology in concert.

Monday afternoon, there came an individual into the Superintendent's office, followed by a crowd of pupils whose appearance was woe-begone in the extreme.

To the ordinary observer it seemed as if soap and water had been strangers to him. He gesticulated wildly with his hands, occasionally using the double handled alphabet and writing a mixture of German and English to make himself understood. From what we could make out, he appears to be from Saxony, though he had a dirty and greasy copy of a German paper, printed at Toledo, Ohio, which he showed occasionally, which makes it likely that he hailed direct from that city. He carried a piece of pasteboard on which was written in German and English, "Frederick Earnest Fletcher, aged thirty-three years, born August 11, 1847, parents died November, 1868; Milde Yoke one cent to five cent to ten cent and fifteen cent."

Whether he is an impostor or not we could not make out, though attempts to spot him were made. He was given some money to procure lodgings for the night; he still, however, lingered around the house till supper time, when one of the attendants, thinking to scare him into hearing, gave him to understand that he was playing the deaf and dumb dodge, and proposed to take him to the station house. This scared Frederick, and he made a dash for the front door and down to Town Street with the attendant after him. Upon reaching the street, he struck for an alley, and darkness put an end to the chase. It is said he was around again the other day. Maybe he is and maybe he is not deaf and dumb. Time will tell.

As predicted in our last letter, that freeze up came sure enough, setting in Monday evening, lasting one week with several inches of the "Beautiful" thrown in for good measure.

Mrs. James M. Park has gone to Cincinnati to spend several weeks visiting relatives. COLUMBUS.

12-11-'80.

Mr. Tillinghast on the Ladies College.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I notice your columns continue to be filled with articles on the proposed Deaf-Mute Young Ladies Institute. As is usual in such public discussions, both sides of the fence are well represented. Also the top, by those who have some personal prejudice against the parties who have been named to lead, and assist in putting the matter in proper form or shape, to be entitled to the "Powers that be,"—*i. e.*, the consideration of congressional influence. Now as those on the right side of the fence are unmistakably in the majority, and the object for which they are striving seems to be one of absolute necessity, why can not those on the wrong side of the fence, and the top as well, sit quietly down, watch proceedings, and refrain from throwing cold water on the project, or in hindering it in any way. If those who have been named to push the matter are capable and honest, is not that sufficient? Give them a trial. Let them try their hands at it; heads, too, of course. Passing these two first qualities, they are supposed to be possessed of wisdom enough to consult those who know more than they do; those who hold a higher position in life.

I am strongly in favor of the object. I believe it is needed, and will be gladly availed of; still without a good, solid foundation to build on, and that is sufficient "almighty dollars," I fear it will fail; still we never know what is in store for us, or what we can do, until we have tried. Wishing to ascertain the views of others on the matter, I wrote to a prominent mute of larger experience in such matters with whom I am personally acquainted, and who has successfully carried out a plan for day schools, asking his opinion, and his reply is so much in accordance with mine, that I enclose it for the benefit of all interested. It will be seen by a careful perusal that his aim is not dancing, flirting, promenading, and other useless, so-called accomplishments, of which we have a plentiful supply, but the solid, substantial, necessary, everyday qualities. I have little doubt that if we can succeed in the undertaking we shall bring to light many hidden treasures; many pearls of great price; many whose children will rise up and call them blessed. I am desirous of seeing something accomplished in this direction, to supply the much needed want, and those having the matter in charge have my best and sencere good wishes that success may crown their efforts. JOHN T. TILLINGHAST.

Dec. 9, 1880.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1880.

FRIEND TILLINGHAST:—In reply to yours, asking me if I like Miss Fuller's idea of how to start the college for mute girls, I will say *yes, yes.* I like Miss Fuller's suggestion, and *all* others, that have as their aim, and *will* help forward a "High School for mute girls." I am a real, true friend, at least I *fancy* I am, to any, and all ways and means that will *raise* and *ennoble* woman to more usefulness in her *own* sphere of *life, thought,* and *actions*; in fine, all ways and all things that will make girls *good scholars!* SPLENDID HOUSEKEEPERS!! TIP-TOP COOKS!! CHOICE WIVES!! NOBLE MOTHERS and TRUE CARISTIANS.

Yes, yes, yes. A High School—call it "Seminary," College, University, or whatever you please, anything that will make our mute girls into the two first would be a good thing, wouldn't it? If it would make them also to be the next two, it would be a still better thing, don't you think so? and if it would also make them to be the last two, it would be a *grand thing,* the best thing, a grand success, just what is wanted to "Rock the Cradle of the World." And as only three shops, a kitchen, a washroom, and sewing room are needed in connection with the regular "High School" department, I can not see why the mute girls should not have the advantages of these, as a sort of, or in place of gymnastic exercise, both for the sake of their health, and furture use. These shops are not as expensive in outfit as the various shops for boys, and besides in a school form much of the exercise in them, outside of the necessary household duties, for cleaning and order can be to go *through the motion* fully and carefully as through actual work to *habituate* them to the forms, etc. These unlike the boys' shops never produce very little if any surplus of articles not in demand in the market, that would have to be sold at a loss to the Institution. The course of study should by all means include those of the laws of health, how to avoid and cure all the general diseases of women and children, the chemistry of cooking, household science, and all that will make mute girls what they *should be any way.* The location of such a *National High School* should be near a large city, one that is conveniently situated as to through railroads to all points of the Union, should be central, so that all can reach it with nearly equal expenditure of time and money, and not at one side, like the college at Washington. Such places as Cincinnati, Ohio, St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill., seem to me to be the best places.

Yours in behalf of our mute girls,

I. A. EMERY.

Deaf-Mute Female Academy.

AGREEING WITH MISS MCCOMB.

The undersigned with to announce that they agree it substance with Miss McComb, of San Francisco, California, in regard to female education and the contenplated Female Academy.

They are entirely opposed to a *purely literary* high schod for young women, which would tend to unfit them for all departments of woman's sphere save one—school teaching—and perhaps unfit them for that, as pointed out in Miss McComb's very able article in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of December 2d, 1880.

They are soul and body in favor of what is called an *Industrial Educational* Academy—*i. e.*, a school where all are taught how to be the *most useful* by a good general knowledge of life, health, care and cure of common diseases, and of *domestic* affairs, etc., as of *first* importance, and a literary education united with these as of *second* importance. Because the *first requirements of life,* as first enumerated cannot be properly learned at home, and from those unacquainted with signs, in their *scientific* aspect, any more than a literary education, if as well; and which is far more *individually needed* and in *greater public demand.*

Such a school will save our deaf-mute sisters from a great deal of trouble and failures in "the school of sad experience" and *ignorant toil,* and enable them to meet a great want at far better wages and make their lives more pleasant and profitable to themselves and to others by that intelligence and skill that will make them faithful servants, fine cooks, good seamstresses, "par excellent teachers, splendid vives, and wise mothers."

Such a school, they believe, is the only kind that is the greatest needed. The kind that will do a vast amount of good to a class of people who need it more than any other. A school too, that they think all sensible people would be glad to see established.

If it is to be a *National* one under the care of *Uncle Sam,* they hope and here *pray* Congress to make it an *Industrial School,* and give it a *central* locality, that will be just to all or the largest number. It will not require so large a tract of land, no shops, tools, machinery, stock etc., as an industrial school for boys, but only plenty of yard room, a vegetable and a flower garden, etc., to make it feasible, full, and a first class one for girls. The girls doing their own cooking, washing, etc., in lots by turns will make it less expensive in its culinary department, and make the other departments that much more complete.

MRS. MARY A. EMERY.
P. A. EMERY.
MRS. CARRIE A. GEORGE.
D. W. GEORGE.
J. E. GALLAGHER.

CHICAGO Dec. 8, 1880.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Boreas Still Here.

ANOTHER PAPER CHASE.

A Pleasant Programme for Christmastide

From our Washington Correspondent.

During the week, the snow, which was so welcome but a short time ago, was resolved into its original element by means of a thaw. Though this is usually regarded as a very doleful process, fruitful in gloom, rheumatism, inflammation and fevers, this term we were spared any concern by Boreas returning, and after kicking up one of his frolicsome gambols, departed, leaving plenty of ice for our benefit. The students were not slow in availing themselves of the opportunities presented for that magnificent sport known as skating. Not a day has passed since the ice was strong enough, without a crowd seeking the various ponds in our vicinity and glorious times are being enjoyed. The fun is not confined to daylight alone, for the moon being full, the sport is kept up and is increased by bevies of young ladies, who of course do not lack attendants. To-day, fully three-fourths of the studeuts have gone on a skating expedition to Alexandria, Va. They are accompanied by Profs. Hotchkiss, Chickering and Draper, and a number of ladies, and go by the Chesapeake Canal. Having brought lunches, they will doubtless be in no hurry to return home till they have enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Should the weather remain in its present condition, we will be able to pass the holidays in profitable recreation, and in a manner rarely enjoyed.

Speaking of the holidays suggests the manner in which they are to be spent in the College. Several of the students, residing at no great distance, will pass them at home. Others will go off to various places, while the majority will spend the time according to a programme now being arranged.

PROGRAMME FOR CHRISTMAS.

The main feature of our celebration will be a Masquerade Ball, to be given by the students on the evening of December 29th. For the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, Messrs. Dougherty, Fox and Smith, have been appointed a General Committee with full power. Considering the season of the year at which it will be held and the great enthusiasm manifested on its approach, we may safely say it will outshine any thing of its kind that has preceded it.

The unfortunate series of bereavements surrounding our social life for the past two months, gave rise to a general despondency which the joys attending the great universal holidays will tend, in a measure, to dissipate. The successful management of a Masquerade with all its attendant features well add to the merriment, and serve to make a most enjoyable time for those who are to spend the holidays far from home and parental care.

PAPER CHASE.

Having enjoyed a rest of nearly two weeks, the hare and hound club had another successful run on Saturday last. A bright, cloudless day, with a good breeze whistling from the northwest, infused life into the large pack assembled for the sport. On the occasion, Messrs. Griffin and Donaldson were appointed to the post of hares, and at a quarter of two were let go. Eleven minutes later, the pack, with the master of the hunt at their head, started in pursuit. Leaving the College grounds, the track led in a northeasterly direction, through steep hills and muddy wastes, over fences and ditches, amidst priars and brambles and in every conceivable form of country the chase led, the pack keeping well together at a brisk pace. Several times the trail was lost, and at length, about four miles from College, the hounds were completely baffled. Spread out in all directions, a steady search was begun, lasting half an hour, when the race was resumed. By this time, however, half the hounds could not be found, so the rest kept on and soon came up to one of the hares, who was promptly sent home. Just as twilight was falling, the scent came to an abrupt close at the Maryland Agricultural College, and then for the first time the hounds began to consider where they were and in what direction might the College be. This no one could tell, but inquiries in the neighborhood brought out the information that Kendall Green was nine miles to the south-west, and immediately a scramble was made for the honor of getting home first. Passing over several farms, the crowd struck the Bladensburgh plank road and set off at a steady trot. By this time it was quite dark and blowing a gale with rain coming up; still the run was kept up without respite, and at 7 P.M. home was reached. Mr. Smith carried off the honor of getting home first. The remainder of the pack who went all the way, were—Mr. Fox, master of the hunt, and Messrs. Zeigler, Collins, Babbitt and Leib. The next run will come off some time during the holidays, and will bring out a large pack. The sport is becoming very popular on account of the spicy positions in which the hounds are frequently dragged in their efforts to overtake the noble hares.

CHIPS.

Moonlight, and such skating.

Mr. Saxton, '82, is O. K. again.

Gents, get your partners for the 29th.

Plenty of flopping since the frost set in.

One day last week, a bicycle ran away with the "colored gentleman."

Don't complain of the cold just. It will be warm enough on the 21st, 22d and 23d.

"Religious uses of the Imagination" formed the topic of a splendid sermon by Prof. Fay, last Sunday afternoon.

We saw a Junior perform an impromptu somersault a few days since. It was just perfect. The same Jun recently made a brilliant conquest. No cards.

One morning last week, part of a ringlet thirteen inches long was taken from the shoulder of a student who had been calling on friends the previous evening. Query—Now, how did it get there?

The Students hailing from the Hartford Institution would like some one to open a column of "Notes" in the JOURNAL. Will Profs. Weeks or Crane do so? So asks the Massachusetts boys here.

Recently a Senior called upon a young lady friend. Wishing to begin a conversation, he handed her his tablet. To his astonishment she immediately began a temperance lecture. He understood why upon looking at what he had last written on the tablet which was—"Please prepare two milk punches." Better swear off tablets or —milk punches, young man.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Dec. 11, 1880.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN M. BROWN.

COMPILED AND DEDICATED TO HIS TIME-HONORED FRIEND, N. F. MORROW, BY HIS BROTHER, B. F. BROWN.

No specimen of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than Biography. The subject of this sketch, as you well know, was a character well worth studying, and a young man who would have never suffered in public opinion by a careful analysis of his history.

He was born near Franklin Johnson county Indiana, Sept. 18th, 1856, and was the fourth child. His father, Samuel Brown, a man of sterling integrity irreproachable character and gentle disposition, emigrated from Shelby County, Ky., in 1847, and has since resided near Franklin, but only at his present beautiful home since 1872. John worked on his father's farm until eighteen years of age, attending the district school in winter. His parents, persons of rare worth and intelligence, early instilled into his youthful mind those high principles of morality and christianity which he so nobly retained. Even his adversaries, though they might be defeated in argument and measures, would never speak unkindly of him or impeach his honor or integrity. On the 1st day of Feb., 1874, he was stricken down with a burning fever, commonly known as "spotted fever." He grew rapidly worse the 2d and 3d days, and on the 4th a gloom and sadness was cast upon the entire family, by the knowledge of the fact that he had entirely lost his hearing. The sad event we supposed would mar his happiness forever. But when he recovered after an illness of eight weeks, he bore his misfortune with that same spirit of patience and humility, which so beautifully marked his character during his whole life. The fever affected his head so much, that for the two or three years following his recovery, he was very dizzy, especially while walking or riding, so he spent the greater part of his time reading.

After spending a great deal of time in reading histories, biographies, poems, etc., he thought of adding something more to his stock of knowledge by entering school. So in Sept. of 1877, he entered the "Deaf and Dumb Institution," for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, at Indianapolis.

He had been there but a short time, when he had won the respect of both teachers and pupils, by his zeal for study and manless of character. He made the school his home and books his companions. He seemed to ever think that:

There are fields to be plowed now rough and bare,
Ere the seed of truth can be sown:
And weary hours of watching and care,
Ere the golden sheaves are grown.
There is patient toil in the mines of thought,
Ere the seeker's work is done:
And battles on gory fields to be fought
Ere the victor's crown is won.

He graduate from that Institution in June of 1879. His speech on that occasion, on "Life work and its preparation," or "who hath not a mission," was spoken of as one of his best efforts, and one in which were some fine ideas, most ably expressed. There is much in the character of John, which it would be pleasant to dwell upon, but no pen can do him justice, which does not bring before the world, as brightly as possible, the sterling worth and integrity, the incorruptable honor of him.

His simple, unaffected piety, impressed one with its sincerity and genuine truthfulness. Taking all things into consideration, we hesitate not in saying that the Institution has never had a student of whom it might feel more justly proud, and, we would have no fear of its usefulness and prosperity, if all its students would take pattern after his noble example.

After graduating from a worthy Institution, he became impressed with a desire for a still better education, and prompted by the most exalted motives, and in order that his talent force might put on the greatest abilities and the highest usefulness as an educator, he entered the "National Deaf-Mute College," at Kendall Green, near Washington, D. C.

He had been numbered with the students of that most excellent college since September, of 1879, until his college days were suddenly brought to an end, by his untimely death on the evening of November 10th. 1880. He had gained the highest esteem of all with whom he associated.

He was putting forth an extra effort of his work in school, and was receiving the encouragement of his many warm friends, who so sadly lament his absence. But they can comfort themselves with the thought of that beautiful home on high, where we shall meet him to part no more.

He has written his name on the hearts of men never to be erased. But we have

LAIN HIM TO REST.

We have borne him gently to his rest,
Cheerfully his loved form taken
To the tomb of one so blest,
To nevermore on earth awaken!
Closed the weary, mortal eyes,
Ne'er again to see life's sadness,
They will ope on brighter skies,
Where shall dawn eternal gladness.

We have borne him gently to his rest,
Free from grief on land or billow,
Placed sweet flowers on his breast,
Smoothed once more his earthly pillow;
We press our tears back to the heart—
Do not weep, nor sadness borrow,
He has acted well his part,
He has passed from mortal sorrow.

We have borne him gently to his rest,
Lain him out of sight forever;
He is now among the blest,
Earth and spirit e'er must sever!
He can nevermore come back,
Nevermore can cross life's portal;
O'er death's dark and beaten track,
He has passed to life immortal.

FRANKLIN, IND., Dec. 11, 1880.

Pennsylvania Convention.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—If Prof. Thomas J. Trist, of Philadelphia, be appointed to act as chairman of the State Convention, he will be the right man in that place, as he has had much experience in covention matters.

Please permit me to offer a few suggestions, relating to the convention. Under the date of the 25th inst., H. M. M.'s article above appeared. I was much pleased to read that the deaf-mutes of our state shall hold the convention in August, 1881. I think it proper that the convention shall be held on August next, and my opinion is, that it will suit the deaf-mutes. The chief duty of the committee should be to prepare a programme, and make arrangements for a picnic for the benefit of the convention, as there are many deaf-mutes who are waiting to read it, before determining to go or not. I hope that this State committee will do their best to promote the success of the convention and it will be organized.

Yours Respectfully,

G. E. KOHLER.

YORK, PA., Dec. 1, 1880.

Tin Wedding.

Wedding anniversaries are seldom celebrated among the deaf-mutes in Hartford, but on the 7th inst, the teachers and their wives and the resident graduates of the American Asylum, assembled at the residence of Mr. A. A. Small on Ashley St., and passed a most enjoyable evening. Mr. Small is the supervsior of the boys.

As it was the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Small's marriage, tin ware both useful and ornamental, was plentiful. The most notable article was a nice substantial lounge, a present from the Officers and Teachers of the Asylum.

The presentation speech was made by Principal Williams, in appropriate terms, and containing many expressions of regard for the host and hostess, who were visibly affected. Mrs. Small being obliged to retire for a few moments to give vent to the emotions of her heart.

Then the guest were treated with coffee and refreshments. It being time for quiet retirement, the pleasant party broke up wishing the couple years of happiness and prosperity.

In Memoriam

At meeting of the pupils of the California Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the merciful providence of God, J. Mora Moss, our beloved President of the Board of Directors, in the midst of a philanthropic and useful life has been called from us.

Resolved, That we, the pupils of the said Institution, bear testimony to his father-like, loving kindness, to his constant readiness to help our cause, to his untiring efforts to rebuild this Institution after its destruction by fire five years ago, and to his noble christian heart.

Resolved, That we suffer an irreparable loss, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, in whose grief we share; and

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to his family, and the resolutions be published in daily papers.

THEO. GRADY,
GEORGE A. SHOAF,
ANNIE WARREN.
Committee.

Nothing cuts the sinews of exertion sooner than to set before ourselves a low standard of attainment. Let a young man say to himself: "I shall never be anything very great in the world," and he will likely be something very small.

FANWOOD.

Surprise to Dr. Peet.

HURRAH FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Visitors, Etc., Etc.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Other Items of Interest.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

On Monday Dec. 6th, a pleasant surprise was given to Dr. Peet in the shape of a magificent birthday gift by the pupils. His birthday fell on Saturday the 4th, inst. The affair was originated and carried out by Messrs. Hathway and Dobbs, and a few others, and was made as interesting as the limited time at hand would allow.

On the morning of the day in question, both divisions of the pupils assembled in the chapel. Here they impatiently awaited the arrival of Dr. Peet. No sooner was his familiar face seen as he entered through one of the side doors, totally unconscious of what was awaiting him, than the ceiling was made to re-echo again and again with the welcome tendered him by the pupils in the shape of hand clappings and other devices generally ressorted to. His surprise at seeing all the pupils assembled at a time, when only one division was accustomed to do so knew no bounds. His perplexity was soon cleared away by one of the students of the High Class, advancing to the platform and interpreting in signs an address written by C. W. Hathaway. This student was W. Ennis whose delivery was unusually fine. The address concluded, there advanced to the platform a sweet little cherub in the person of Miss Minnie Flint, who carried in her tiny arms a sumptuous volume almost as large as herself. This she gracefully presented to the Doctor, who all amazement at the proceedings, could only express his thanks. Then he "stood up," and made a few remarks expressive of his surprise and pleasure, as well as gratitude, additional proof of the pupils' affection. After thanking them for their kindness, he gave a short history of the progress of deaf-mute instruction, which was eagerly devoured by all. It abounded with numerous interesting anecdotes some of an exceedingly lively character. After his address Mr. Lloyd made some remarks. Then the pupils wsre dismissed, the boys going out first, and each in their exit passing around a student, who held the present in his hands for them to look at. Then the girls' turn came, and this closed the exercises. The name of the book presented to the Doctor is "Picture of Bird Life," and is magnificently illustrated. The Doctor said he would put it in a prominent place in his parlor and would keep it as long as he lives in the remembrance of the donors.

There is some talk among those who will graduate in '81 of having that class photographed in a body. As yet no steps have been taken, only talk; but it is expected they will put the project in operation early next spring.

Dr. Peet was tendered a banquet, at Schedler's Hotel, High Bridge, on the evening of the 7th inst., by his friends and admirers of the Washington Heights Century Club, of which he is a member, congratulating him on the successful mission to the Old World and his safe arrival home.

We are sorry to say that the wife of Prof. Currier is seriously ill, but hope soon to hear of her recovery.

Sunday was a must dismal day, rain, rain, rain, all day long. It kept everybody indoors, and many anxious glances was cast at the heavens; but there were no signs of clearing up. To make matters worse, it was just chilly enough to make it just too awful for anything. The early risers on Thursday were astonished on looking out of the windows to see the ground covered with snow, and as soon as breakfast was over snow-balling was all the go. Some of it still remains on the ground. The thermomenter for the past few days has been unable to get above zero, and the lovers of skating hope it will be unable to get any further for sometime.

Skating is indulged in to some extent, and it is not an unusual sight to see a long line of youngster with skates under their arms, wending their way to the Blind Asylum grounds which adjoins the Institution, where an excellent skating pond is located, and it is also not an unusual sight to see the skaters being pursued by a fierce looking bull dog belonging to the aforesaid grounds, who stands guard over the pond.

The L. H. R. L. A. intend to hold meetings in the Chapel every Saturday when there is no meeting of the F. L. A. or any social re-unions.

On Thursday, the 9th inst. the male pupil were surprised to receive a visit from Mr. Ed. Heller, a graduate of Fanwood. He has a brother and sister here at school. Edwin is a six-footer and is employed in an Iron Foundry in Pennsylvania. He talked of old times, and made inquiries of old friends. In his time he was one of the leading spirits of the school, and of course he was an object of interest to the pupils.

We also received a visit from Rev. Mr. Stone, who was a teacher in this Institution 35 or 40 years ago, and left to become a minister of the Gospel. He now resides in California.

Hurrah for the Holidays! is the cry since Thanksgiving. It is expected the vacation will begin between the 18th and 21st of this month, and continue till after New Year's? The small boy is now going the round and making a memorandum of those lucky ones who go home. What he wants is beyond our imagination.

Rumors hath it that the Metropolitian Elevated Road intend to stop running above 59th, St. after 8 o'clock P.M. as travel is so light after that hour. And those who generally spend their evenings in the City will either have to stay at home or take the surface road.

The site for the World's Fair has been selected at last, and the spot is Inwood, a place about one mile north of the Institution, and we hope to be able to keep the readers of the JOURNAL posted in regard to how it progresses, as it is so near we will be able to visit the grounds once in a while. Inwood is about 11 miles from the City Hall, and can be easily reached by trains on the Hudson River Road or by the Elevated Road. It has all the necessary requirement for the successful carrying out of the great project.

Pennsylvania Convention.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The "Defender" never dreamed that he would rise up to do his part, in the sense of the word; but for the earnest request of very many deaf-mutes of this section of the State, he deems it his duty to yield to their terrible clamor. Well, judging from all the correspondence on the subject, that has appeared in the columns of your valuable paper, from week to week, we can safely declare, with the gravity of a judge, that it is a moral certainty (even self-evident fact), that our class of this State are plainly in earnest, "with might and main," in the matter of holding a general Convention next year. Besides, information, as we understand, has several times assured the worthy projectors of the desire of the majority of our people for such a Convention. Well, as might have been expected, in all the correspondence that has come under our notice, none has shown the least objection. We assure the orginators that their project is a possible thing. The subject has been ably and well canvassed by some writers, and they may rest assured that their correspondence has not been without its *moral* influence. The subject has not been spoken of to no purpose, and we have plenty of brains to effect such a thing as a *convention*. Besides, we want to show the world and the citizens of our State, in particular, that we, as a class, are capable of organizing and putting into running order a society of this kind, and also of upholding it, in spite of barriers which may do their mischievous work. Therefore, let us do this noble part of our civilization.

It is highly amusing to see Mr. Koehler, Mr. "Hieronymus" and others, express their opinions in favor of the project, Indeed, your paper morally valuable as it is, has asked an important question as to the word "graduate," and please accept the hearty thanks of the mutes of this city for your support in our cause. What is more, the State Committee have done an equally important thing—they have considered and answered the question with honor and intelligence. We are quite satisfied with the answer.

But there is one thing which it remains to be observed, may prove unfavorable to the successful carrying out the project. We have carefully inspected two straight lines, and now perceive them to be such in their nature that they can not possibly enclose space. If they go on for one barley corn of an inch without coming nearer to each other, we are sure that they will be no nearer when lengthened quadrillions of miles as straight lines. This is the agitating of the question as to locality for holding the forthcoming Convention, and also as to the formation of a Local Committee, or Local Committees. We fear that unnecessary arguments will be too many to settle the matter. You—the graduates of our venerable *Alma Mater*—know that the State Committee, that class of wise originators, in their original plan, have chosen Philadelphia as the place of the first meeting and given good reasons therefor, and we we should not contradict their selection. As is quite natural, the locality as chosen is highly recommended by the mutes of this large section of the State, not promoted by personal selfishness, but by the indisputable consciousness that Philadelphia has the best reasons, too well known to be reiterated. Every one would naturally desire that he could be suited as to locality, but such a thing, which is an impossibility, is out of the question.

In fine, to avoid unnecessary waste of arguments, we would humbly suggest that all talk as to locality, in the JOURNAL, be set aside, and any one wishing to express his opinions on the subject can be so by writing letters to the Secretary of the State Committee to that effect. That would save time, or rather trouble.

The more the idea of organizing the convention is canvassed in the JOURNAL, which is open to the public, the more apparent its absurdity becomes. In order to avoid stirring up ill-feelings, we also would most-estly suggest that all talk in the paper as to the *modus operandi* of organizing the coming convention, and as to its manner of being conducted, be avoided, and any information for such can be obtained from the State Committee through private letters, which is the best way.

In fine, no narrow-minded views, no selfish motives of personal interest, nor nothing whatever that may tend to spoil the noble enterprise, should be exercised in the paper, as it sounds much like fatility to be agreeable to the dignified spirit of our intelligent brothers. We must start right, or the project will be a murmuring failure. Of course all the talk that has been going on through the columns of your paper in relation to the subject has succeeded in awakening the interest of deaf-mutes of this State in the idea of a General Convention, and since the subject has taken root in the minds of our intelligent brothers, nothing productive of evil results should be exercised. We quite agree with the wise Mr. Koehler, that great care should be taken in the selection of Committees. We are awaiting the announcement of the names of the gentlemen who will constitute a Local Committee for Philadelphia. We are aware that the orignators are acquainted with parliamentary rules, and therefore they know positively how to organize the convention, etc.

Finally, to insure the object of the project, to guard against differences of opinion on the subject, and to raise the cry of "Hurrah for our old Alma Mater," we humbly ask all the intelligent mutes of this State to co-operate with the projectors. Let wisdom, discretion, broad-minded motives,, sweet harmony, and philanthrophy reign supreme, as they are "the best means for attaining the best ends." We assure the projectors that we have nothing of a selfish character to contend with in regard to the convention.

Yours Humbly,

DEFENDER.

Philadelphia Institution Jottings.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Our girls—especially Bella L.—have been wondering what has become of Hieronymus *alias* Honeyanyway. We trust he has not laid down his powerful friend—the pen even though "Grim old age has touched him with the icy hand of many years." He should ever remember "The words of the aged are doubly wise." Then never despair "Attic Bee," *but* let your light shine for us.

Miss Katie Tarbit a member and graduate of the class of 1879, paid her "Alma Mater" a few days visit this week and we all were delighted to welcome her here. She is looking as healthy and gay as of old, and does not in the least appear to miss her old school days or to wish them back again. We hope she may soon renew her visit to us.

The High Class are in a sad way. Their teacher, Prof. Pettingell has been ill for more than a week, and his place has been temporarily filled (?) by Miss F., the eldest member of the class. She occupies the professional chair and sways the iron rule of justice with neatness and dispatch. We climb the "ladder of learning" with rapid strides and extraordinary thoroughness under the firm guidance of the master hand—the rule of "the powers that be."

Several of the pupils have left the Institution since the term opened, being called home by illness, or death. Among these we regret to say are two of our nicest and brightest girls. Miss A. Berry and Miss L. Smith have left our class owing to death in their separate families. Miss Hughes, one of Prof. Kukhuff's most intelligent pupils, left here some weeks ago, and is now attending a private class for speaking pupils near her home in New Jersey.

On Saturday night, a few of the High Class were invited to the Director's parlor to witness a debate between four of our members. The debate was carried on by Misses Annie and Whitman on the Negative side and Misses Hutcherson and Foley on the Affirmative side. The debate was a long and spirited one, and when it closed the audience were at a loss to know which side had won, since both sides had so intelligently and clearly upheld their own cause. Mr. W. Lee, one of the audience, caused a great deal of mirth with his great fund of wit and humor, and his presence contributed not a little to our pleasure.

During this week, the society held a special meeting for the purpose of electing a few new officers for the coming winter. The following were elected:—Miss Fahnstock, President; Miss Foley, General Leader; and Misses Gratt, Downey, Scherger, Whitman, Pestwich, Morris, and Lewis as officers. We hope since such an intelligent President and Leader have been elected, they may be able to keep better order among the pupils than has been kept hitherto.

Last week Rev. Job. Turner paid our Institution, a flying visit and was warmly welomed by our pupils. Rev. Turner lectures and remarks are of a most interesting character, and we only egret that his visit was necessarily s short.

A large number of our girls had decided to go home for the approaching vacation, but are now undecided about it because last evening our Principal toll them if they go, they must feeverlose the annual Christmas preents. "Does a box that is packed t hone, hold as much as a trunk poked under my own eye?" is the question which just now is being discoverd here. We are in the dark, who wilhelp us to a clear solution of this queion of vital importance.

VIOLET.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12. 1880.

Letter from Maine.

MR. EDITOR:—The present movement in behalf of a Deaf-Mute Ladies College reminds me of a play with the leading characters left out. Where, O where, are the bright young ladies who want to go to College? I expected there would be a rush to the front with a perfect furor of enthusiasm on their part to lead the van in this movement. The question most directly and personally concerns themselves. It should fire their hearts with enthusiasm, and inspire their pens with such moving eloquence as should thrill our Congressmen and convince Uncle Sam that in all fairness he ought to do as much for them as he has done for the young men.

What can be the reason that the young ladies do not come forward and speak for themselves?

It must be true, as your Wisconsin correspondent says, that they are to be "aroused," "awakened." Yet this admission throws "a wet blanket on the enterprise, or at least, leads one to think the time has not yet come for the establishment of a College. If it had, would not the young ladies who desire to go to College, be the most wide awake on the subject?

"Mountains" would not then "turn them back." Nay, they would "feel their need" in every fibre of their being, and move heaven and earth to bring about the desired result.

These are the efforts which many hearing young ladies make in order to achieve a collegiate education, and if our bright, young deaf ladies really wish one, they must show the stuff in them to make it worth while for Uncle Sam to open his purse strings in their behalf.

After all, there may be much practical truth in the remarks of Mr. Eddy. He is a teacher, and knows whereof he speaks. Here it strikes me that the teachers and principals of our various institutions should be the ultimate judges in this question. They know he number of young ladies who would benefit by a College course.

I will not close these few hasty written remarks without duly thanking "Judge DeCoursey" for naming me as one of a Committee on the proposed College, but must decline in behalf of the coming Woman, for there is *one* young lady, at least, who has made known to me her desire for a collegiate education, and who is fully competent not only to speak for herself on the subject, but to take an active hand in the movement.

MYRA E. ALDEN.

DIXMONT, ME., Dec. 10, '80.

Deaf-Mute Wedding

Wednesday evening, December 1st, a select party of invited guests assembled at the residence of Goodrich Risley, at Waterville, the occasion bring the marriage of Mr. Thomas Bracy and Mrs. Eleanor Risley. The contracting parties are deaf-mutes, the bride's home being in this place, while Mr. Bracy is a resident of New Haven, Osvego County, this State, where he is well and favorably known. This was, we believe, the first "silent wedding" ever solemnized in Waterville, and a large number who were not favored with invitations would, no doubt, have been pleased to attend a gathering so out of the usual order of things. The officiating clergyman, Rev. E. Davies, not being versed in the manner of signs, and no interpreter being forthcoming, slips of paper were used on which were written the usual questions. After the newly wedded pair were safely launched on the matrimonial sea, and having received the congratulations of those present, a beautiful repast was served, and many were the encomiums passed on the same. Many pleasing features occurred, among them that of the prettiest young lady in the room being helped—of course unintentionally—to the first piece of the bride's cake, thus bringing up visions in the feminine mind of a nice young man, "with dark eyes and a foreign air," shortly to appear. Several pieces in the sign-language were then "spoken" by deaf-mutes, which were received with applause, this being quite a novelty to the majority of the guests, and the acting being easily understood by all present. And thus, amid merriment and a good time generally, at a late hour the guests took their departure, all returing many thanks to Mr. Risley and his amiable wife for the good things provided.

That no dark clouds may ever obscure the bright sun of the married life of the newly-wedded pair was the hope expressed by

ONE AND ALL.

Hartford Items.

Thanksgiving Day passed off in rather a quiet manner. The tables were loaded with the usual good things, and full justice was done to every tempting dish.

In the evening, the boys and girls assembled in the girls' room, and games were indulged in until bed time, when they bade each other good night and retired.

Mrs. Elizabeth Denny, of Worcester, Mass., spent Thanksgiving Day very pleasantly at the residence of Mrs. and Mrs. Fairman, in this city. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Fairman and Mr. Denny called on Mr. and Mrs. Weeks and spent a few hours very pleasantly.

On the 26th ult., the pupils and teachers assembled in the chapel in the evening, to enjoy an entertainment gotten up by the teachers. The personifications thus brought fourth were, Gov. Gesler, William Tell and party. The mishaps of Mr. Blunderbus, rendered quite an amount of merriment. A representation of an elephant was so perfect that a little girl gave way to her emotions of fear. One of the pupils gave a short story entitled, "How the Irishman got his pig through," going through the antics of the whole and ending the story with a somersault. One pupil stepped forward and introduced, or rather performed, the poem, "Sheridan's ride." Lastly, a poem was recited by three girls in concert. The entertainment was very enjoyable.

In the afternoon of the 8th ult., Rev. J. H. Twichell, of the Asylum Hill Cong. Church, favored the pupils and resident graduates with a Christmas discourse, which was interpreted by Principal Williams. It was enjoyed by all who had ears to hear, eyes to perceive, and intellect to understand.

The succeeding morning, after prayer, Mr. J. D. Derber, President of Roanoke College, Virginia, gave a brief account ot his career. He was formerly a private in a Rebel regiment.

Prof. Cromwell kindly extended an invitation to the pupils of the Asylum to witness his most entertaining stereopticon exhibition, which was gladly accepted, and on Saturday afternoon, the 4th inst., they went. They enjoyed the treat veay much, and also obtained a good idea of places and things on the other hemisphere, etc.

The same day, Mr. G. O. Fay left for Boston, pursuant to a call to preach on the Sabbath following before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society. It was predicted by some here that he would receive a rousing reception. Sure enough, he had a good attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. On his arrival home, he expressed much pleasure with his visit.

If there are so very few deaf-mute communicants of one church, we do not see any use of a clergyman leaving his parish to travel several hundred miles to administer the sacrimental rites to two or more deaf-mutes. Churches of the different denominations are only a few blocks distant in such a city as Boston, and all communicants are welcome, whether deaf-mutes or hearing persons.

Letter from Maine.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., innocently inquires whether what he has done at the late Convention was an act of charity or not, and then remarks that the author of the address was not paid for his "assiduous" labor in preparing it. To be brief, I will say that charity does not consist of engaging in backbiting business against a truly good and great man who labors meekly and zealously to exalt the condition of deaf-mutes. Look at the sudden end of the *Silent People*, whose motto was "charity for all," and which undertook the exploit of distributing extra copies containing the "philanthrophical" (?) and "christianlike" (?) address among New Yorkers in an attempt to blacken the character of the great friend of the deaf and dumb. Indeed, the mutes, being useful citizens of New England, let the defunct paper alone severely and so it vanishes out of view. It is over three months since it was ordered at the Convention that the address and proceedings be printed in a pamphlet form for distribution. We are puzzled at the non-appearance of the pamphlet? Is it a purpose on part of officers to bring the matter before the public at some other time? Yet the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has had the cream of the address and proceedings, rejecting the skim milk. There is a venerable deaf-mute known extensively over the land, whose voice and vote was not allowed in the convention. His past labors completely outshines those of our present president. He was beset with anxieties and cares of starting the New England Gallaudet Association, and the publication of the *Gallaudet Guide*. He was never paid a single copper for his time and his trying services, but the members voted to extend him a life membership. That man is Thomas Brown, of New Hampshire, and he may be properly called the father of deaf-mute conventions. Unfortunately the *Guide* fell into the hands of an editor whose bitter hostility towards the American Asylum caused a serious falling off of subscriptions, and consequently its deserved demise. So the same with the *Silent People* in its mistaken path. Do I infer from the tone of Mr. Week's article that in the Asylum brought into successful system by Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, he teaches his pupils that charity is commendable in backbiting one of the first principal's gifted sons.

C. AUG. BROWN.

Reply to Mercury.

In the JOURNAL, of Nov. 11th, appears an item about my husband, Mr. W. M. French and myself, which is wholly false from beginning to end. I knew the writer, Mr. Hoagland, from a baby up. His folks were my neighbors for years. The writer, Jesse, called at my home often, and I know what I spoke about. He says Mr. French deserted me in in a helpless condition, which I deny. He never deserted me. I never sent to my father for any money, and have not got a cent from him for years. I left St. Louis and came to my sisters, and not to my father, on my own account, and not from Conada, so "Mercury" is mistaken about me being a sadder and a wiser woman. I love him as much as ever, and it is my purpose to go to him as soon as he gets in good business. Mr. Hoagland is pleased to call him a notorious deaf-mute, and the sooner he and all other mutes quite slandering each other the better it will be for them, as it causes ill-feelings and enmity. Mr. French is more sinned against than sinning, being abused for years. Has he ever raised his voice in self-defence? No, he has never done so; but has led a quiet life, trying to do better. As to the school scandal, Hoagland speaks about, he was led into it by hearing persons, like many others were. As to the attempt to defraud the treasury, he was led to believe the honesty of a hearing person, and took the check to collect, when a slight mistake was pointed out to him, he took it back to the man so that ended it. But he is heartily sorry for being led into both cases, and wishes he never went into them. He is not really to blame for his mistakes, and who has not made many mistakes in their lives? Better cast the beam out of your own eyes before you point out the mote that is in other eyes.

My husband has no bad habits, such as drinking, smoking and chewing. He is industrious, and has paid all my boarding and travelling expenses. Mr. Hoagland, as well as all other mutes, should mind their own business, and not meddle with others, or slander them. "Judge not that ye shall be judged." Whoever speaks ill of Mr. French it grieves me, for he has ever been good, kind, and loving to me, regardless of all the exaggerations about him, for I know him by heart. Let all quit abusing him, and each other, and behave themselves. Respectfully,

LIZZIE FRENCH.

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